

4MOST

Spring
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VOL. 5 NO. 2

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4 - Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, gang:

In spite of weather conditions, Spring is not too far off and we're all looking forward to the playoff for the basketball championship, and to the beginning of the baseball season!

Kit Carter and Dan Merry are rushing the season a little in this issue by romping through a beach party and a picnic. Dan really meets his match in this story. We think you'll enjoy it a lot.

When you read over the letters in the adjacent columns, you'll notice quite a few criticisms, along with the other things our readers write to us. We're interested in hearing from all of you 4MOST fans, so get in the game and let us have your ideas and suggestions on how to improve the magazine.

In the first letter, Allan Hurwitz tells us how he feels about Target and the Targeteers. Further along, Frank Rehrig suggests that we include more war stories, and Stanley Barnes complains that Candid Charlie didn't appear in Winter 4MOST. All these letters are very welcome so join the crowd, guys and gals, and let us hear from you about this issue!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Your book is one of the best magazines published. The Q's and A's are very intelligent.

I would suggest that you put in a better story than Target and the Targeteers. My favorite stories are Dick Cole, Edison Bell, and The Cadet. Keep up these stories and your magazine will be a success with everyone.

Yours, truly,
Allan Hurwitz
Boston, Mass.

Sorry you don't like Target and the Targeteers, Allan. They don't appear in this issue of 4MOST, but you might see them in the Summer number.

• • •

Dear Editors:

I have just finished your Winter issue of 4MOST comics, and I enjoyed it very much. I like all your characters, but I guess Dick Cole is my favorite.

I also enjoy the small jokes and the Q's and A's. 4MOST is tops on my list and I hope I get to read every issue.

Sincerely yours,
Donald Belinsky
Detroit, Michigan

Glad 4MOST rings the bell with you, Don. We hope you get to read every issue, too.

• • •

Dear Editors:

Just finished reading the Winter edition of 4MOST, and it seems to my pal and me that it's one of the best we've read yet. My pal and I agree that Dick Cole is our favorite story.

I think you should put in more war stories because I still like them, even though the war is over. I enjoy the questions and answers and let my pal ask me the questions.

Yours truly,
Frank Rehrig
Kansas City, Missouri

We're glad you and your pal agree on 4MOST, Frank. And we'll give some thought to your suggestion about war stories.

Dear Editors:

Winter 4MOST was all right except for one thing—Candid Charlie wasn't in it.

Edison Bell and Jerry were great and the pirate's den at the end of the story is just what I have been waiting for.

Sincerely yours,
Stanley Barnes
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

You'll find Candid Charlie in this issue, Stan, and he has some exciting adventures.

• • •

Dear Editors:

I think 4MOST is what one would call "super", and really mean it. Dick Cole and Edison Bell are my favorites because their adventures are always so exciting.

When my brother and I argue over who is to read 4MOST first, my father steps in and says, "I will read 4MOST first." He's a loyal fan, too.

Cordially yours,
Dorothy Smith
Southampton, N. Y.

Your father knows how to settle an argument, doesn't he, Dorothy?

• • •

Dear Editors:

I read 4MOST for the first time, and it's the best of all the different comic books I've read.

I especially like Dick Cole. His adventures are so thrilling. I also enjoy the Questions and Answers.

Sincerely yours,
Eunice Voss
Wyocena, Wisconsin

We're always glad to welcome new readers, Eunice. Thank you for your nice letter.

• • •

Dear Editors:

I am an old 4MOST fan and have just finished reading the last issue. My favorite strips are Dick Cole and Eddie Bell. I disagree with some people who think Eddie Bell is too bright for his age.

A faithful reader,
Ersel Broom
Orange, Texas

We welcome correspondence from old 4MOST fans, Ersel. We think Eddie Bell is a "regular" guy too.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX—

LINGERIE'S IN AISLE 9, AND... WHY, THERE'S DICK COLE! AND HE'S NOT IN UNIFORM! OOH! MAJOR FARR'S IN TOWN AND IF HE CATCHES DICK IN CIVVIES, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD. I'LL GO OVER AND SPEAK TO HIM.

AISLE 4.

LAURA BRADLY, DAUGHTER OF COACH BRADLY, OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, IS IN CENTERVIEW ON AN AFTER-NOON SHOPPING TOUR.

IT IS NEARING CLOSING TIME WHEN SHE ENTERS BERTIN-FULLER'S DEPARTMENT STORE FOR SOME LAST MINUTE PURCHASES. SHE CONSULTS HER SHOPPING LIST....

AISLE 5.

IN TOWN, OUT OF UNIFORM IS DISMISSAL IF CAUGHT... DICK! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? OH?

HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHAT'S IT TO YOU, WHAT I'M DOIN'? WHO ARE YOU?

GULP! OH... I, UH, WHY, YOU AREN'T DICK! I.. I'M SORRY.

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4MOST, Vol. 5, No. 2, Spring 1946, published quarterly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price 75 cents per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

I AM "DICK".
SA-A-Y!
YOU'RE
EASY ON
THE EYES!
LONESOME?

NO! JUST
MISTAKEN.
I MISTOOK
YOU FOR A
REAL MAN,
DICK COLE!

DON'T KID ME.
THAT COLE, THE
DICK COLE, IS
YOUR LARGE
MOMENT, MISS-
ER.. GORGEOUS!

MISS BRADLY
TO YOU! AND
DICK COLE IS
SUPER IN MY
BOOK.. AND
I IN HIS!

NO! SAY, WHAT'S HE
GOT I AIN'T GOT?
CHICK, YOU SENO ME!

LET GO MY ARM,
FRESH, OR I'LL START
A RIOT, HERE... NOW!

SKIP THE HEAT WAVE,
QUEENIE. I GOTTA
GO NOW, BUT I'LL
SHOW WHEN
YOU'VE DONE
YOUR
SHOPPING -

YOU CAN
SAVE SHOE
LEATHER. I'M
CATCHING THE
5:30 BUS TO
FARR. GOOD-BYE!

THE NERVE
OF THESE
CENTERVIEW
WOLVES! I
WISH DICK HAD
HAPPENED BY!
OOH! I'D BETTER
HURRY WITH MY
SHOPPING.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE BERTIN-FULLER'S -
197 GARNET STREET! STEP ON IT!

OKAY -

HER SHOPPING FINISHED, LAURA
LEAVES THE STORE AND HEADS
FOR THE BUS STOP. AS SHE PASS-
ES A DESERTED SIDE STREET -

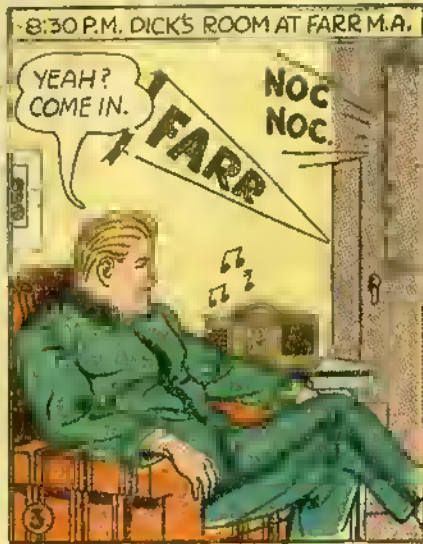
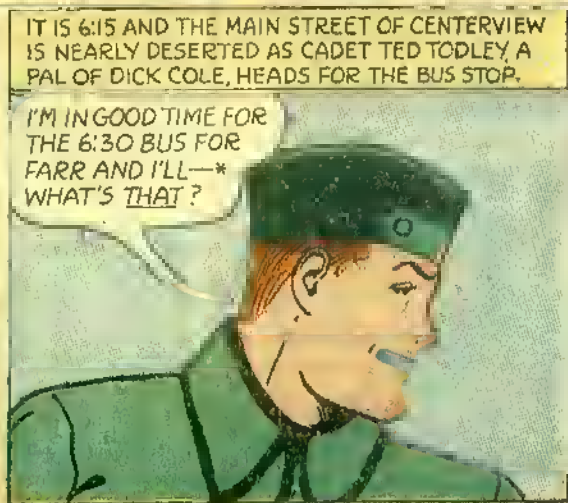
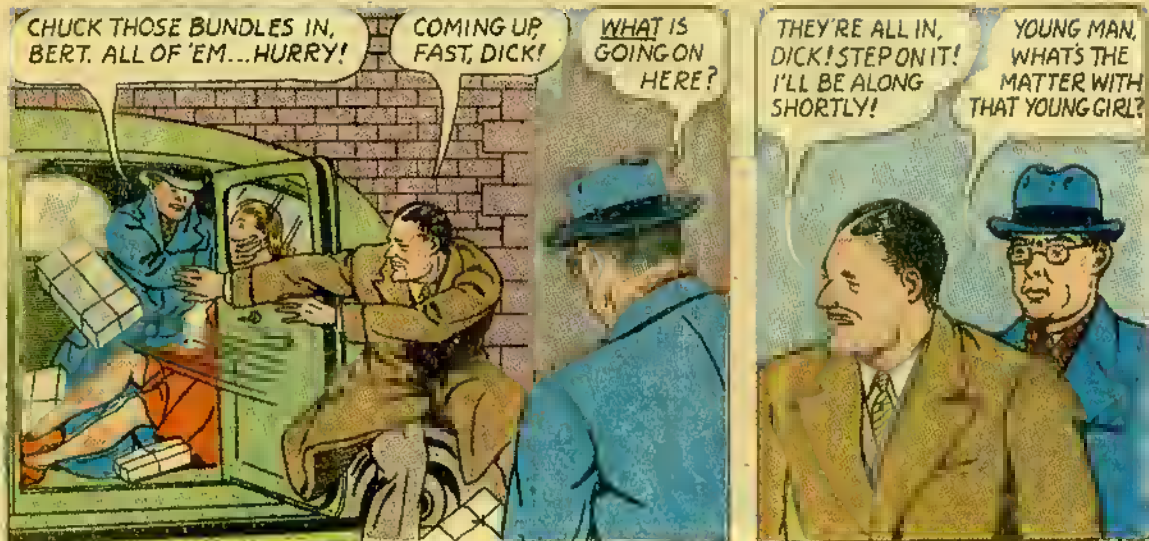
HELLO, SWEETIE!
HERE I AM! GY!

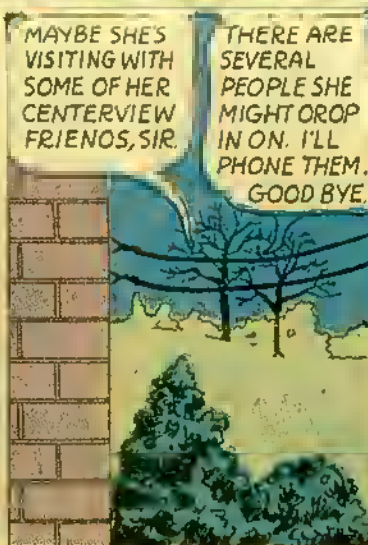
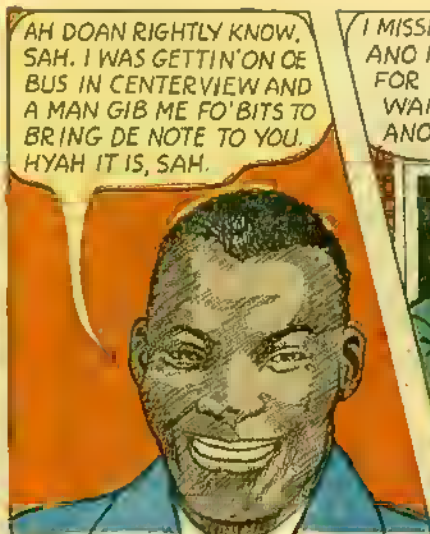
YOU! LET
GO OF ME!

A CAR SLAMS TO A STOP, A MAN LEAPS OUT, AND -

IN YOU GO,
BLUE EYES!

'ATTA
BOY,
BERT!





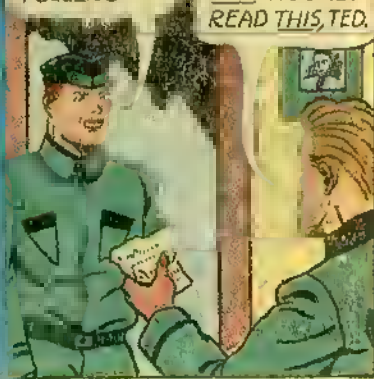
HI-YAH, DICK. I'VE JUST COME FROM BRADLY'S. LAURA ISN'T HOME, SO I BROUGHT THIS TO YOU.



HOLY COW!
IT'S THE COMPACT
I GAVE LAURA LAST
CHRISTMAS! WHERE
DID YOU GET THIS, TED?
IT'S ALL BATTERED!



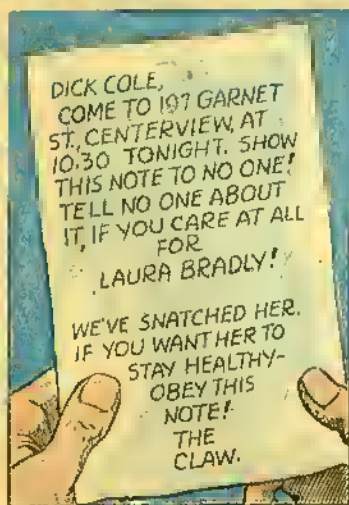
I FOUND IT IN
CENTERVIEW,
NOT FAR FROM
THE BUS STOP
NEAR BERTIN-
FULLER'S.



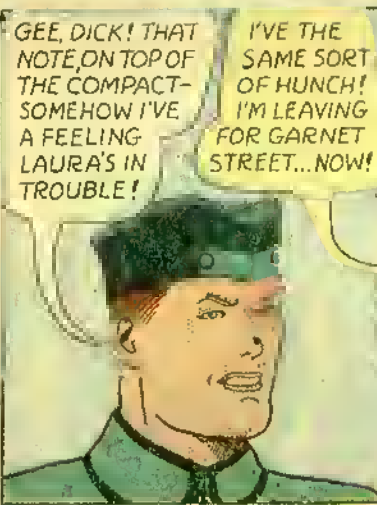
THE BUS STOP!
SHE WAS SHOP-
PING TODAY.
JUMPIN' JIVE!
MAYBE THIS
ISN'T A JOKE!
READ THIS, TED.

DICK COLE,
COME TO 107 GARNET
ST., CENTERVIEW, AT
10:30 TONIGHT. SHOW
THIS NOTE TO NO ONE!
TELL NO ONE ABOUT
IT, IF YOU CARE AT ALL
FOR
LAURA BRADLY!

WE'VE SNATCHED HER.
IF YOU WANT HER TO
STAY HEALTHY-
OBEY THIS
NOTE!
THE
CLAW.



GEE, DICK! THAT
NOTE, ON TOP OF
THE COMPACT-
SOMEHOW I'VE
A FEELING
LAURA'S IN
TROUBLE!



I'VE THE
SAME SORT
OF HUNCH!
I'M LEAVING
FOR GARNET
STREET...NOW!

WE CAN CATCH
THE 8:40 BUS,
IF WE HURRY.
HANG THE
NOTE! I'M
GOING
WITH YOU!



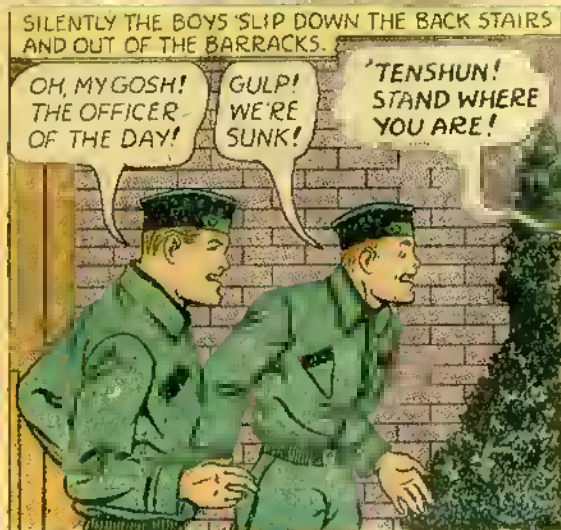
GOOD
OLD TED!
WE WILL
HAVE TO
SNEAK IT.
IT'S AFTER
HOURS!

SILENTLY THE BOYS SLIP DOWN THE BACK STAIRS
AND OUT OF THE BARRACKS.

OH, MY GOSH!
THE OFFICER
OF THE DAY!

GULP!
WE'RE
SUNK!

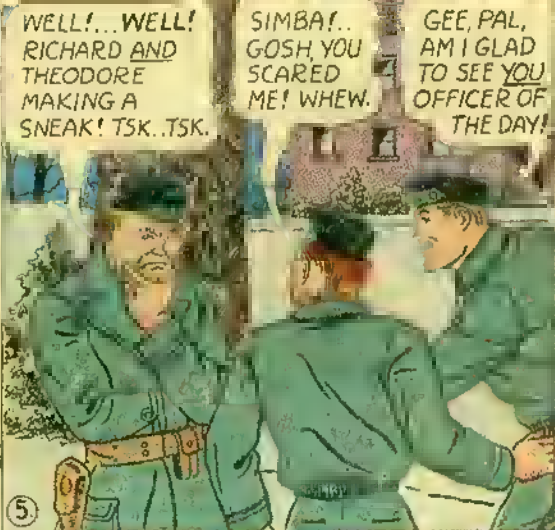
'TENSUN!
STAND WHERE
YOU ARE!

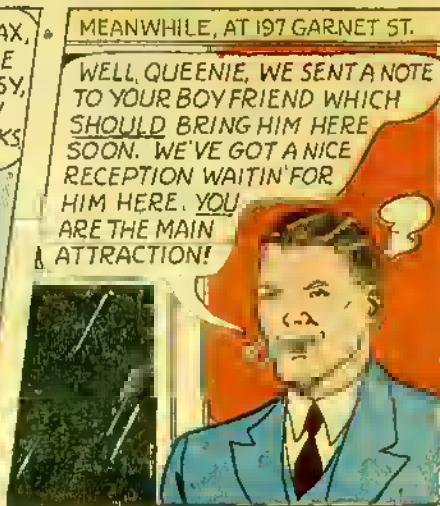
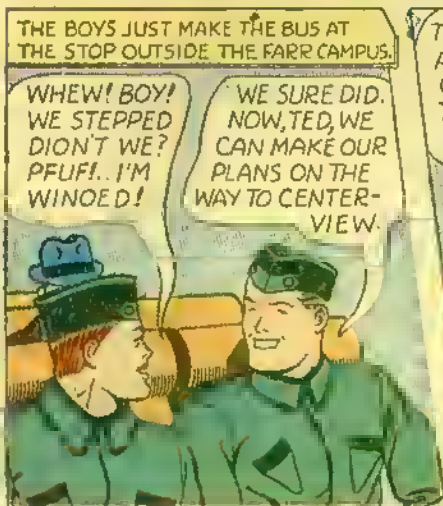


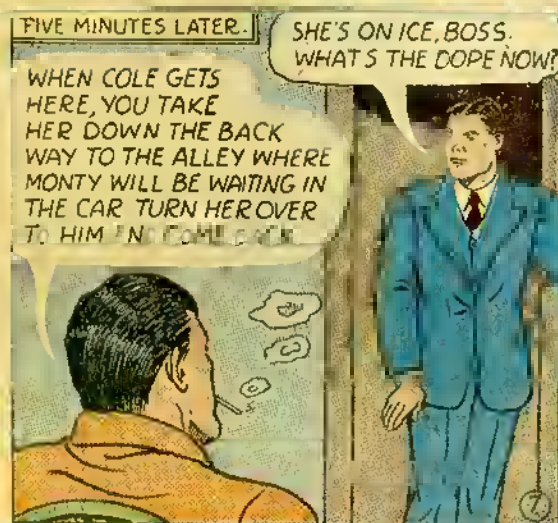
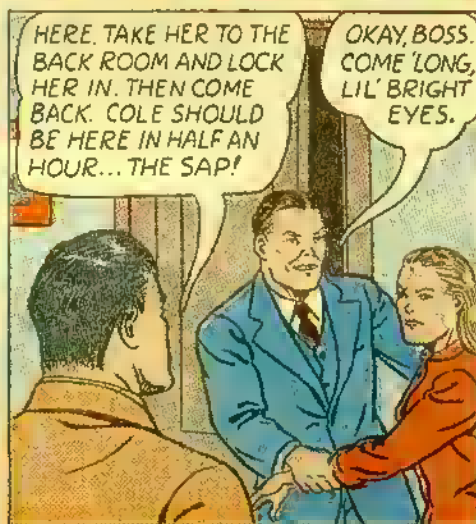
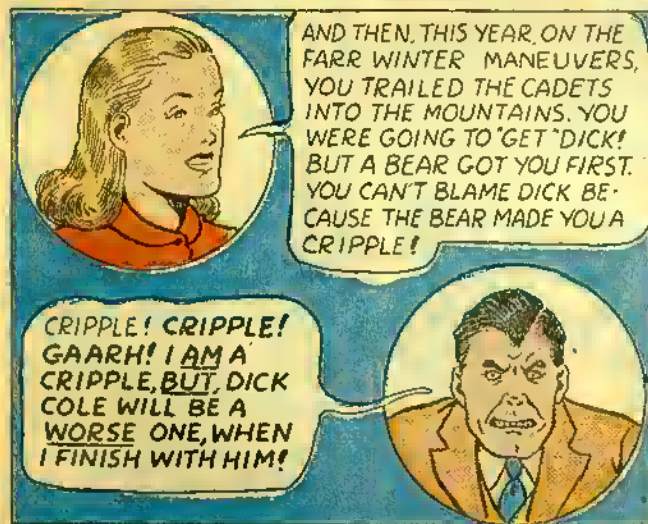
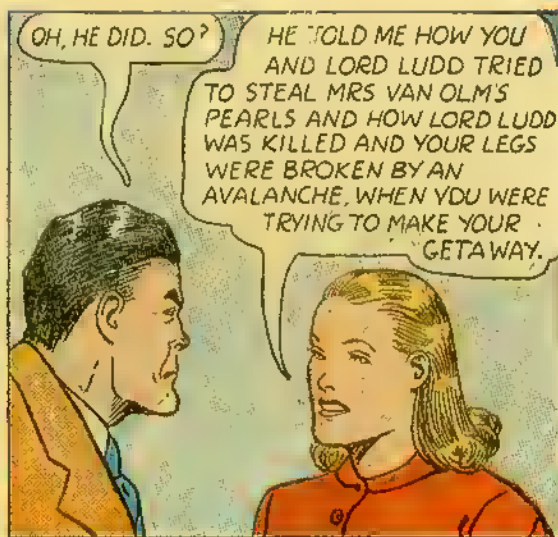
WELL!... WELL!
RICHARD AND
THEODORE
MAKING A
SNEAK! TSK...TSK.

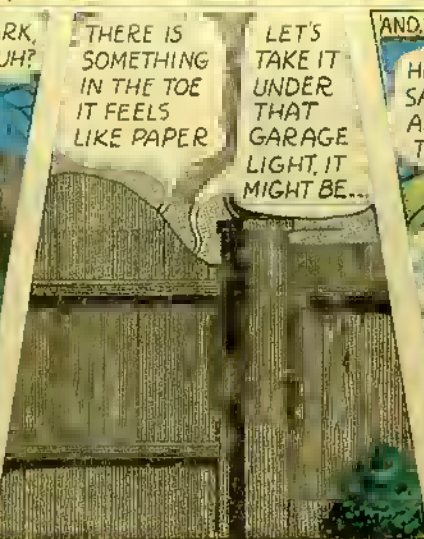
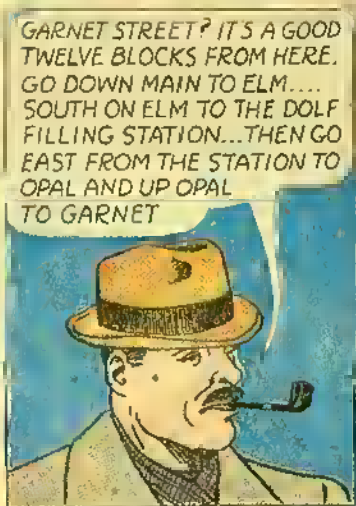
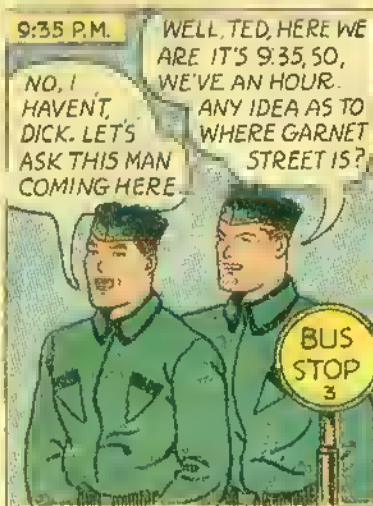
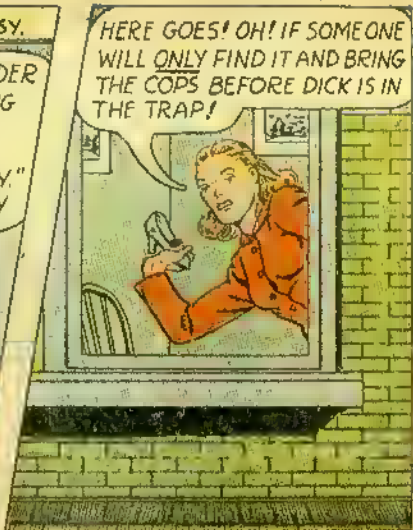
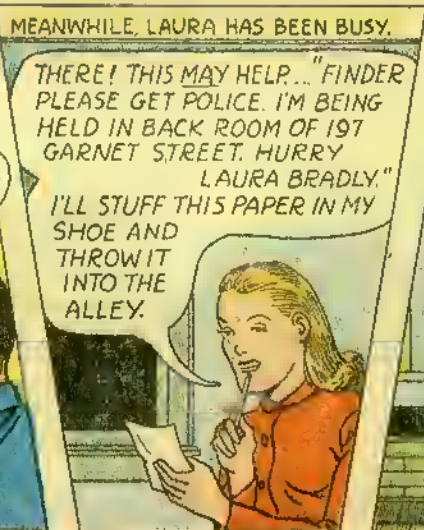
SIMBA!..
GOSH, YOU
SCARED
ME! WHEW.

GEE, PAL,
AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOU
OFFICER OF
THE DAY!









BACK TO THE BOYS. DICK! LISTEN!... "FINDER PLEASE GET POLICE. I'M BEING HELD IN BACK ROOM OF 197 GARNET STREET. HURRY. LAURA BRADLY.



SO, SHE IS THERE! GO TO THE FRONT DOOR AND I'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES, AS PLANNED! KEEP 'EM OCCUPIED AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, TED.



OKAY, DICK.

DICK WAITS THE ALLOTTED TIME, THEN, SLIPPING INTO THE YARD, HE CLIMBS A TREE BESIDE THE HOUSE.

AND CRAWLS OUT ON A LIMB, WHICH BENDING UNDER HIS WEIGHT, LOWERS HIM TO THE REAR PORCH ROOF OF 197 GARNET STREET.



SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'LL TRY THIS WINDDW. LAURA?... LAURA!

HE TRIES THE NEXT WINDOW.

LAURA!... YOU THERE, LAURA?



OH! DICK! DICK! I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW! OH... DICK!

MEANWHILE TED HAS REACHED THE FRONT DOOR AND RUNG THE BELL.

THE DDOR BELL! IT'S COLE, SURE! DICK UP STAIRS AND TEND TO THE GIRL! BERT, ANSWER THE BELL! BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY TO HELP WELCOME MISTER COLE!



RING RING

HEY! YOU AIN'T... ARE YOU? UH, WHAT D'YOU WANT?

WILL YOU DIRECT ME TO MAYOR CARR'S HOUSE?



SCRAM, KID! HEY, TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT OF THE DOOR!

YOU TELL ME WHERE HE LIVES! THEN I WILL.



TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT--* WHAT THA--! LE'GO MY TIE! GAH-- HEY, DED-DY! HE'S... GLUP! CHOKIG BE!



WHAT GOES ON--* HERE! THAT AIN'T DICK COLE! LEGGO THE TIE, YOU CRAZY-- WHOA! IT'S TED TODLEY, OLD VAN OLM'S PET!



AS DENNY LUNGES FOR TED, TED GIVES A TERRIFIC YANK ON BERT'S TIE, PULLING HIM FORWARD, OFF BALANCE, -AND-



DENNY CRASHES INTO BERT FROM BEHIND. BOTH MEN SPRAWL DOWN THE STEPS, AS TED DASHES AWAY.



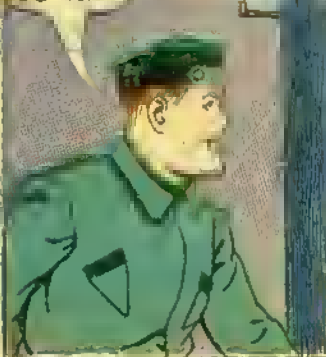
DENNY AND BERT PICK THEMSELVES UP AND RE-ENTER THE HOUSE

BERT! YOUNG TODLEY MEANS. DICK COLE IS AROUND!

YEAH! MAY BE WE'D BETTER CHECK UP WHAT WAS THAT!



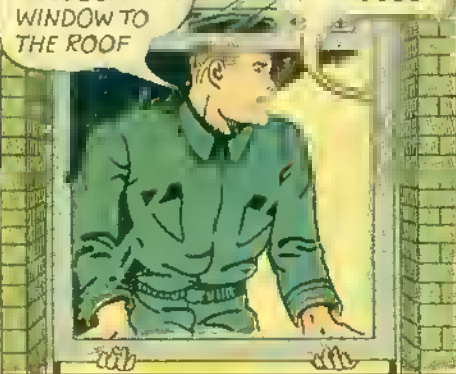
AND TED? I'LL SLIP ROUND BACK AND SEE WHAT'S UP. I BETTER GO EASY. THEY MAY HAVE AN OUTSIDE GUARD.



WE RETURN UPSTAIRS TO DICK AND LAURA

LAURA! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE! CLIMB THROUGH THIS WINDOW TO THE ROOF

DICK! SH! SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!



OKAY, SLICK CHICK, WE'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE, SO-- WHO ARE YOU!



SILENTLY, DICK SPRINGS, BUT HIS FEET TANGLE IN LAURA'S BUNDLES, AND HE SPREAD EAGLES ON THE FLOOR



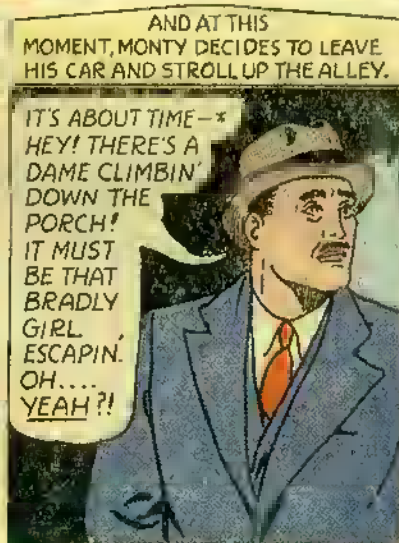
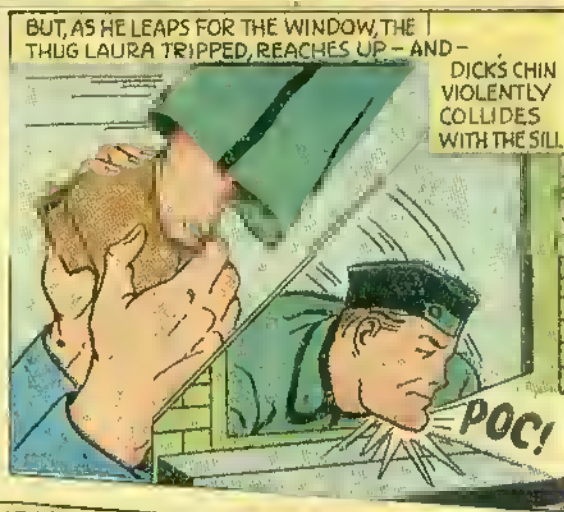
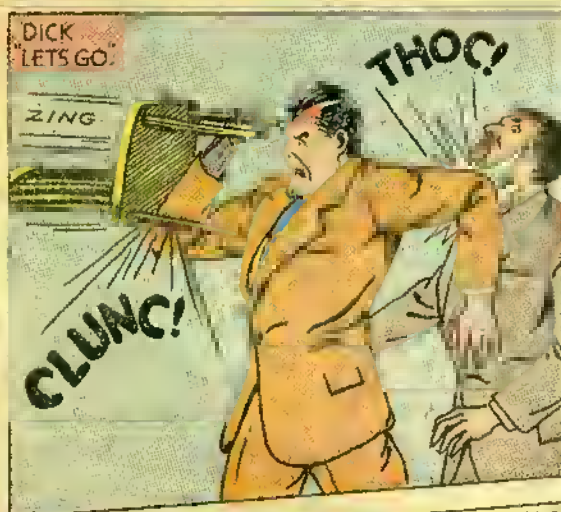
WITH A SNARL, THE GANGSTER LEAPS FOR THE PROSTRATE CADET BUT, LAURA THRUSTS FORTH A FOOT AND--



HE GOES DOWN WITH A HEAVY THUD



QUESTION No. 5 What is the guard at an entrance to a military post known as?



TED TODLEY ENTERS THE ALLEY JUST AS MONTY AND HIS STRUGGLING BURDEN REACH THE CAR.



WHAT THA...? WHY THAT'S LAURA! THIS IS MY CUE TO COME ON STAGE!



THERE! HE'LL STAY PUT FOR AWHILE. NOW, YOU GO FOR THE POLICE, QUICK, LAURA! I'M GOING BACK INTO THE HOUSE. I'LL SNEAK IN THE FRONT...MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE THEM- AND HELP DICK.



BUT, AS LAURA RUNS FOR AID. AND TED SNEAKS INTO THE HOUSE. DOWN THE BACK STAIRS—



THE GIRL'S PROBABLY GONE FOR THE COPS, SO WE'LL PUT COLE IN THE CAR. BEAT IT FOR THE HIDE OUT.

DICK IS CARRIED FROM THE HOUSE AND PLACED IN THE CAR—

MONTY. MONTY! NOW WHERE'S HE GONE TO? NEVER MIND. BERT, GET IN THE REAR WITH COLE. POP HIM IF HE COMES TO. DICK, YOU DRIVE. LET'S GO.

HE WON'T BE POPPED. HE'LL SLEEP FOR AN HOUR AT LEAST.

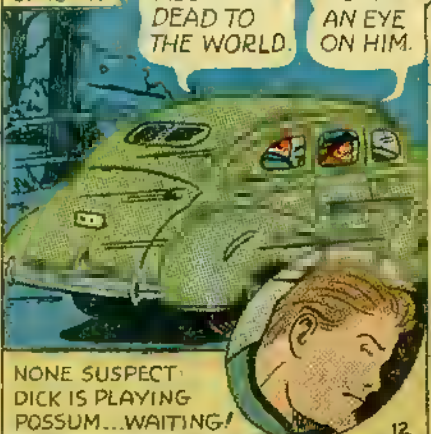


TED REACHES THE REAR ROOM—

TOO LATE! THERE THEY GO. I FAILED DICK. OH, I HOPE LAURA BRINGS THE COPS SOON! MAYBE WE CAN TRAIL THEM.



SOME MILES OUT OF TOWN.



NONE SUSPECT. DICK IS PLAYING POSSUM...WAITING!

DENNY, WHEN WE REACH THE HIDE OUT, WHAT'S THE PROGRAM?

SEE THIS? WHEN I GET THROUGH USIN' THESE NIPPERS ON COLE, HIS OWN MA WOULDN'T KNOW HIM!



I'VE BEEN THINKIN', DENNY. WHY NOT JUST BEAT COLE UP, GOOD?

NO! IT'S HIS FAULT I'M A CRIPPLE, SO, I'M GOING TO MAKE A CRIPPLE OF HIM! THEN PEOPLE WILL STARE AT HIM LIKE THEY STARE AT ME!



IN THE REAR OF THE CAR, DICK SHIVERS, IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, AT DENNY'S VICIOUS SPEECH, AND WONDERS WHEN HIS CHANCE FOR A BREAK WILL COME.



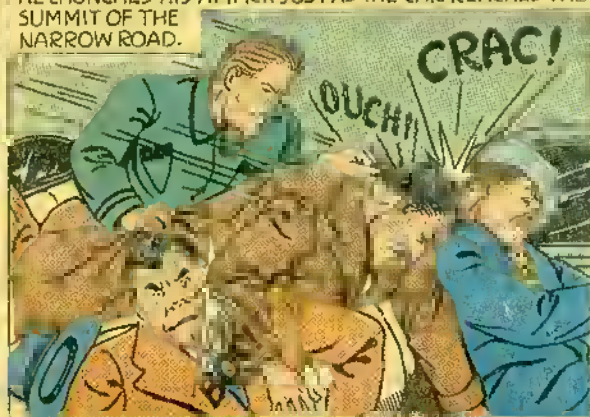
REACHING THE HILLS, THE CAR SWERVES INTO SECOND, AS IT COMES TO A STEEP GRADE.

HEH, DENNY, GIVE ME A LIGHT. I'M TIRED OF SMOKIN' THIS DRY.



AS BERT HALF RISES, TO LEAN FORWARD, DICK TAKES A LONG CHANCE.

HE LAUNCHES HIS ATTACK JUST AS THE CAR REACHES THE SUMMIT OF THE NARROW ROAD.

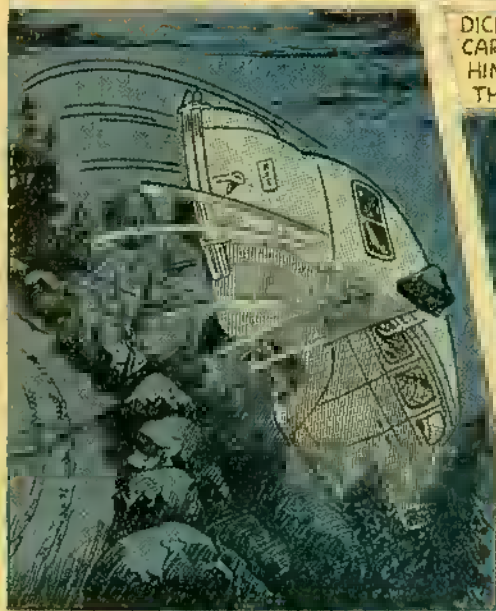


BERT'S WEIGHT SMASHES THE DRIVER DOWN ONTO THE WHEEL, HIS FOOT PASSES THE ACCELERATOR. THE CAR SWERVES OUT OF CONTROL.... DICK FLINGS OPEN A DOOR AND- LEEPS!



DICK'S LEAP CARRIES HIM OVER THE RIM- BUT-

THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS TREE! OH!! THE CAR'S GONE OVER! OH!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN CENTERVILLE. THE CHIEF'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

THERE IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO STAY LONGER, MISS BRADLY. SO, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE FREE TO LEAVE ANY TIME.

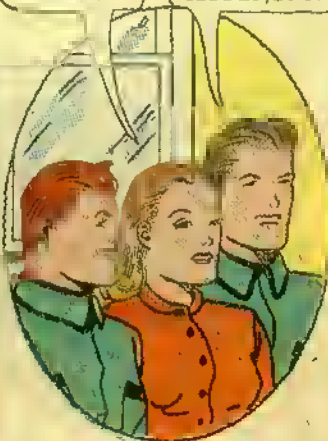
CHIEF
OF
POLICE

H. H. MCGRAW

OH, THANK
YOU, CHIEF
MCGRAW

THEN THE
CASE IS
CLOSED, SIR?

NOT COMPLETELY. YOU SEE WE FOUND ONLY TWO BODIES IN THE WRECKAGE, AND THREE MEN WERE IN THE CAR WHEN IT WENT OFF THE ROAD. SO, ONE MAN MUST HAVE SURVIVED THE CRASH AND MADE A FLEEING



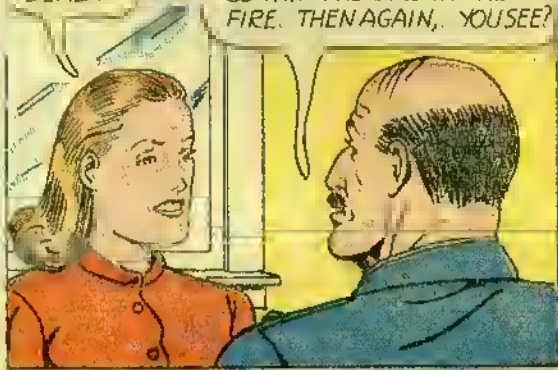
HAVE YOU ANY
IDEA WHICH
ONE IT WAS, SIR?

YES... AND NO. THE BODIES WERE CHARRED BEYOND IDENTIFICATION. BUT, WE FOUND THIS A FEW FEET FROM THE WRECK



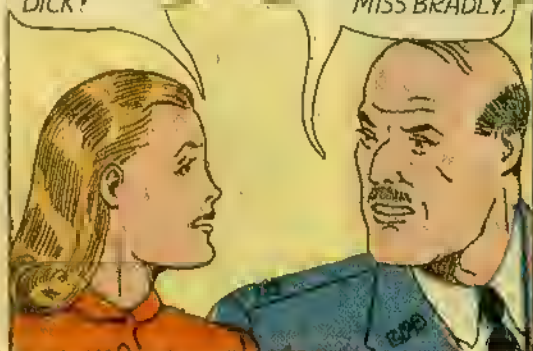
OH! DENNY'S
ARTIFICIAL
ARM! THEN,
HE HE IS
DEAD!

WE CAN'T BE SURE. YOU SEE, MISS BRADLY, DENNY MAY HAVE ESCAPED, LEAVING THE ARM BEHIND TO MAKE US THINK HE DIED IN THE FIRE. THEN AGAIN, YOU SEE?



I WISH I DIDN'T!
I'M SO AFRAID
IT IS DENNY WHO
ESCAPED, AND...
THAT HE'LL TRY
AGAIN TO HURT
DICK!

WE HAVE BROADCAST
A DESCRIPTION OF ALL THREE MEN AND I AM SURE THAT THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY WILL BE PICKED UP SOON, MISS BRADLY.



COACH BRADLY DRIVES LAURA AND THE BOYS BACK TO FARE

DOGGONE, THIS
SITUATION! I
WISH I KNEW IF
IT'S DENNY WHO
ESCAPED!

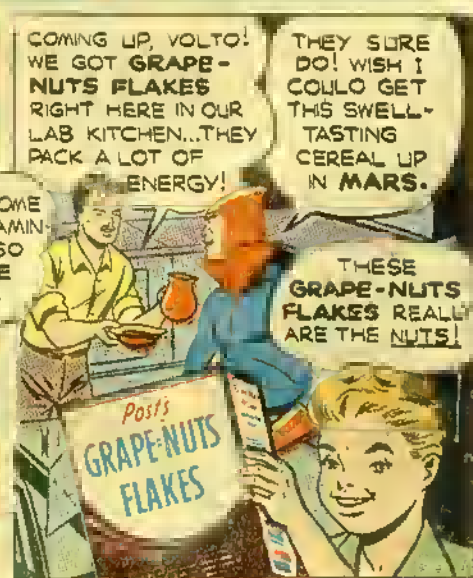
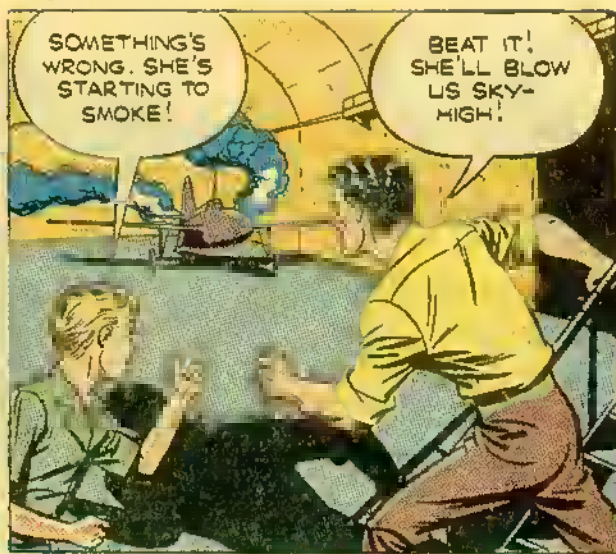
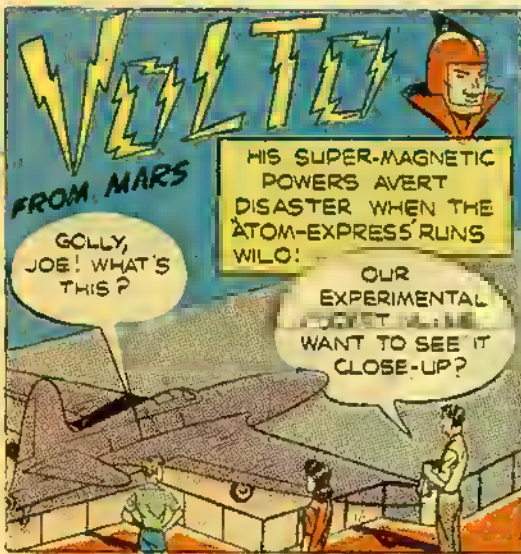
SOOO,
TED. BUT
WORRYING
OVER IT
WILL DO
NO GOOD.

I CAN'T HELP BUT
WORRY UNTIL
THE SURVIVOR IS
CAPTURED AND
WE CAN THEN BE
CERTAIN!



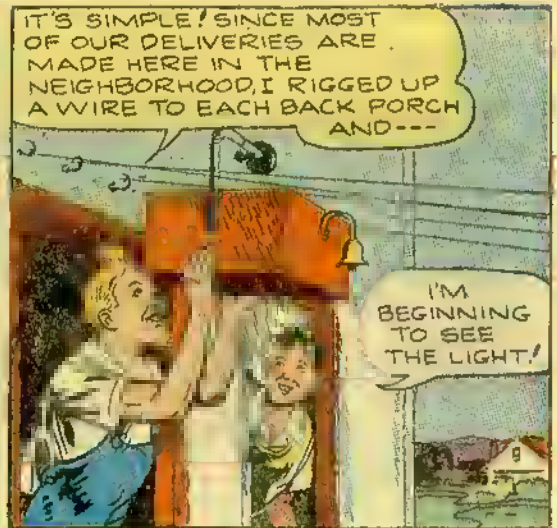
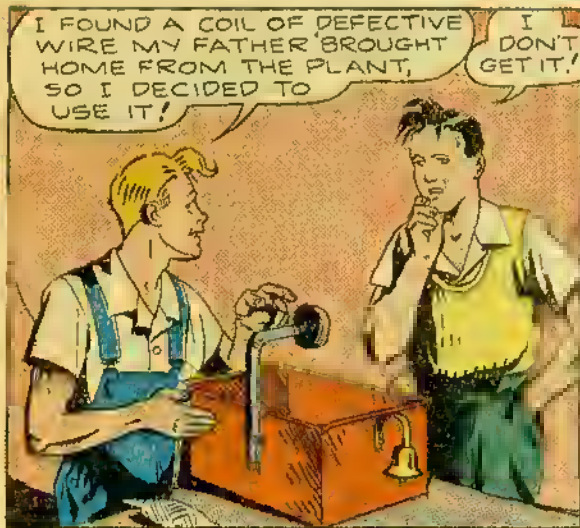
WHAT IS YOUR OPINION? DID DENNY ESCAPE, OR NOT?

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE. BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

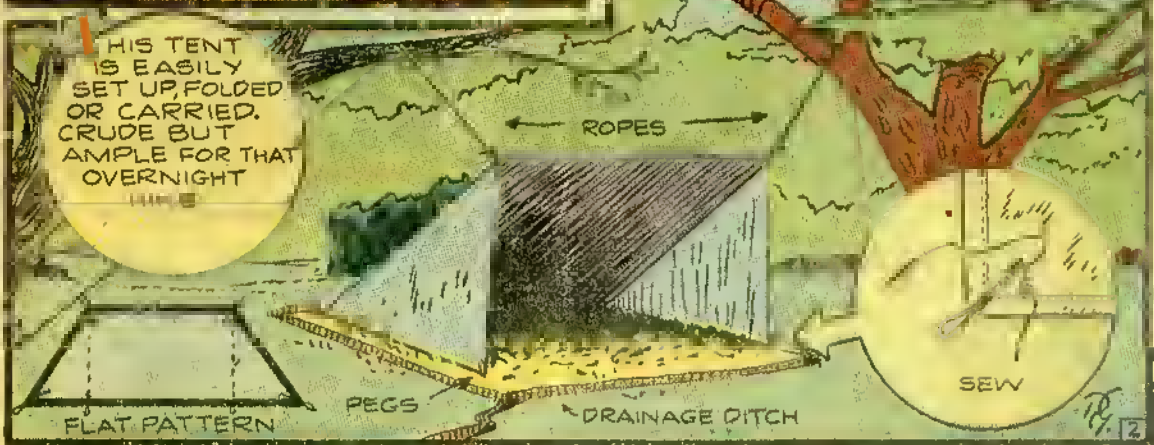


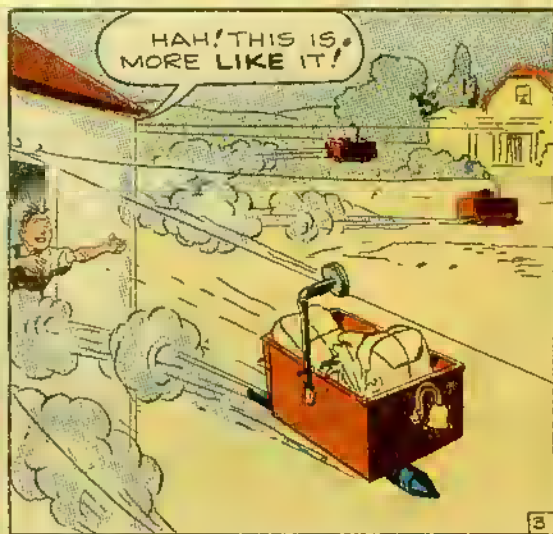
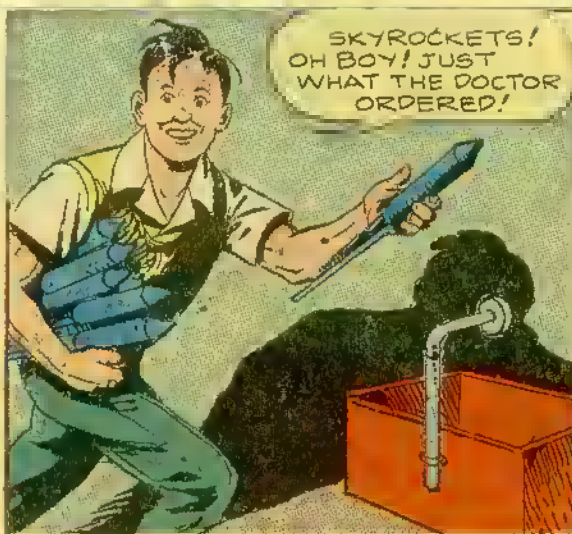
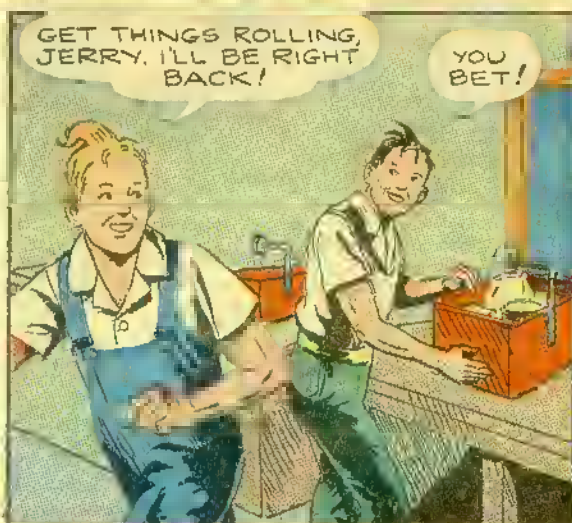
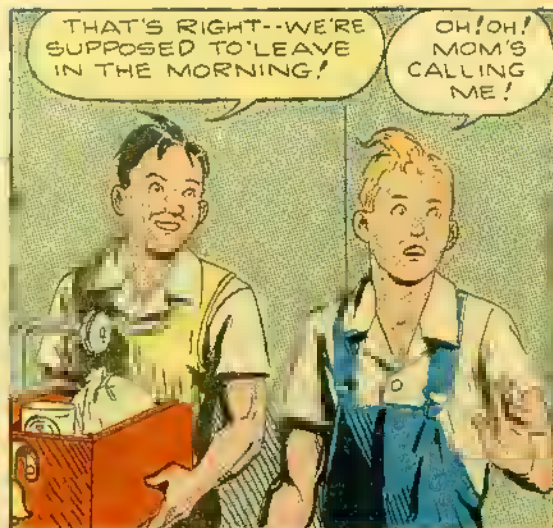
Edison BELL



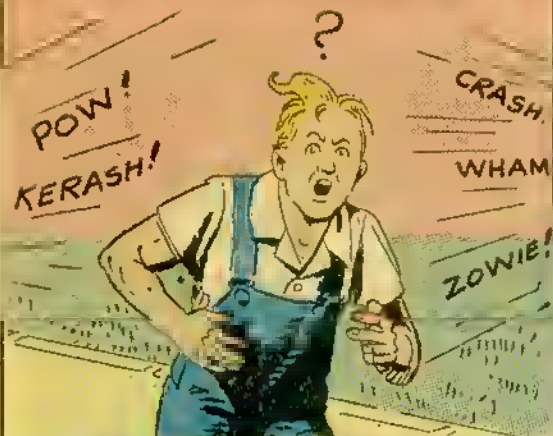


SIMPLE LEAN-TO TENT





ED IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE WORKSHOP WHEN HE HEARS--



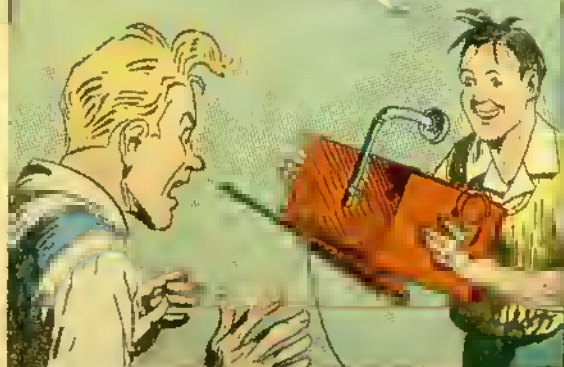
JERRY! WHAT IN BLAZES HAVE YOU DONE?

IT'S MY NEW INVENTION!



WHAT INVENTION?

THIS!---JET PROPULSION DELIVERY SERVICE! IT WORKS SWELL, ED!

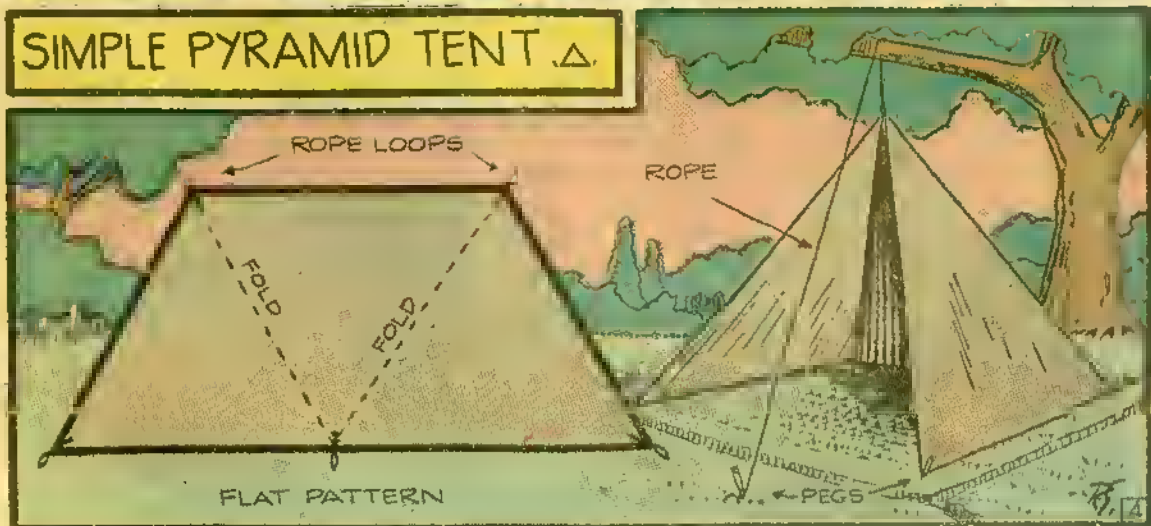


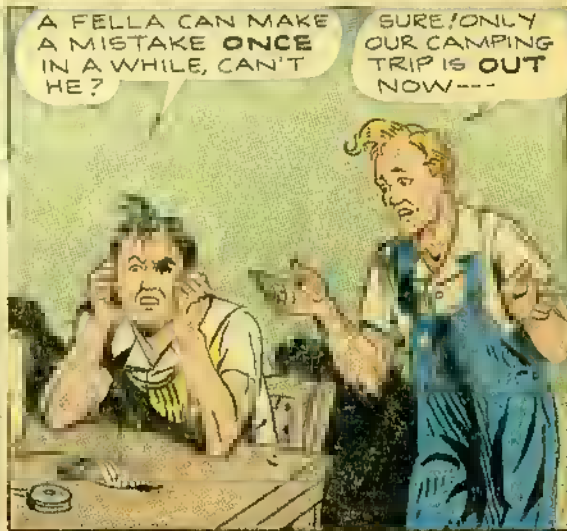
---ONLY I FORGOT TO INSTALL SHOCK ABSORBERS FOR--SUDDEN STOPS!

EGAD! WE'RE RUINED!



SIMPLE PYRAMID TENT Δ





QUESTION No. 9. Name a great national park other than Yosemite?

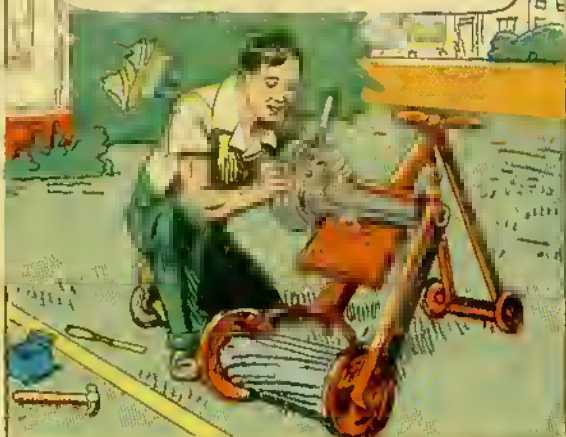
JERRY'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED TO A MOTOR DRIVEN LAWN MOWER ACROSS THE STREET---

HEY! THAT'S IT!



AND SO---A SHORT TIME LATER--

DAD NEVER USES THIS OLD OUTBOARD MOTOR ANYWAY!



HAH! I CAN EVEN RIDE THE THING!



IT SUDDENLY SPEEDS UP, HOWEVER---



--AND RUNS AWAY ACROSS THE WELL KEPT FLOWER BEDS!

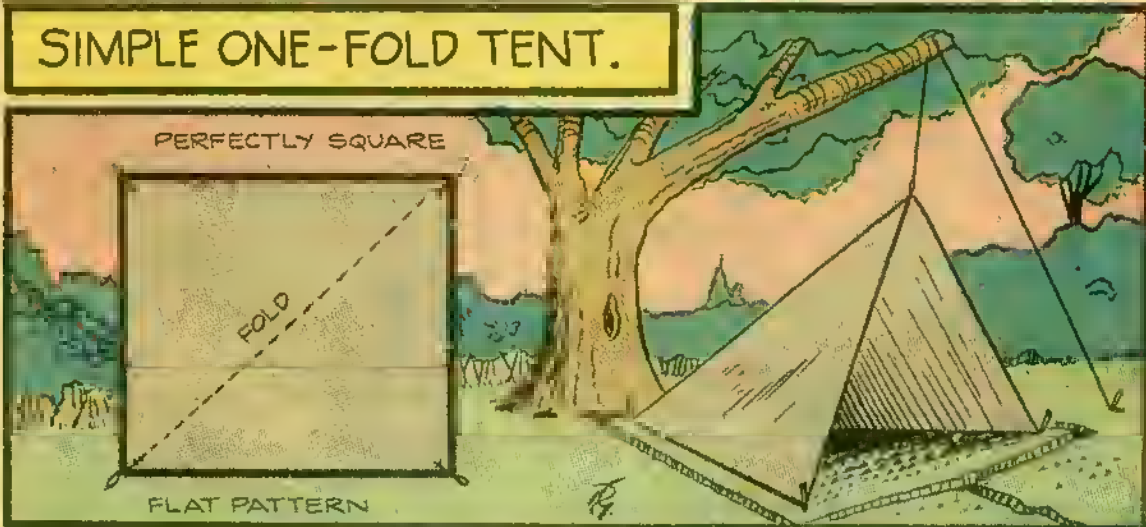


SIMPLE ONE-FOLD TENT.

PERFECTLY SQUARE



FLAT PATTERN



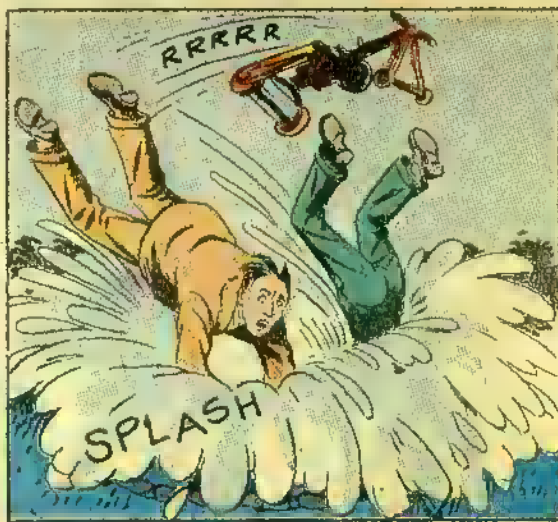
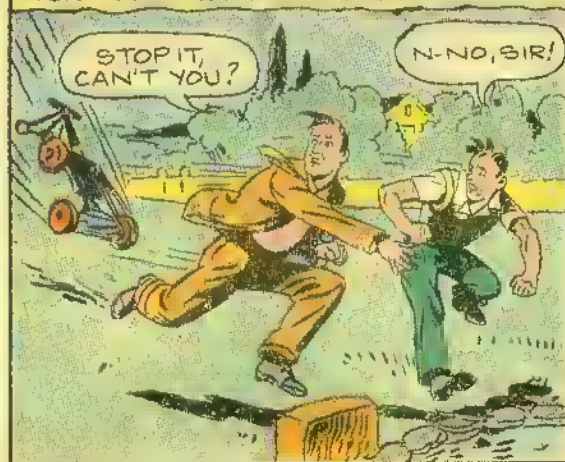
THE MAN OF THE HOUSE LOOKS OUT
AT THE WRONG TIME---



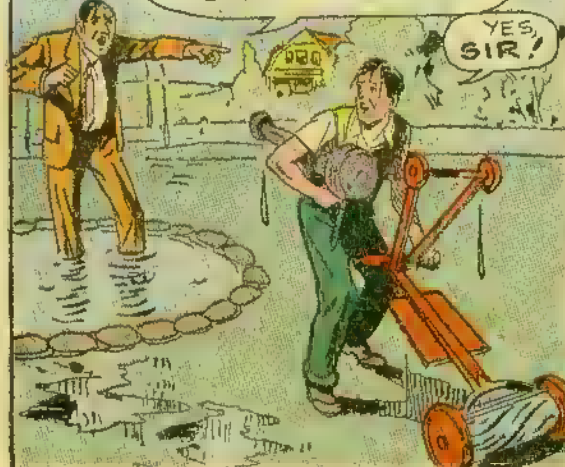
GREAT GODFREY! IT'S HEADED
FOR MY GREENHOUSE!



THE MACHINE TAKES A SUDDEN
TURN AND HEADS FOR THEM!



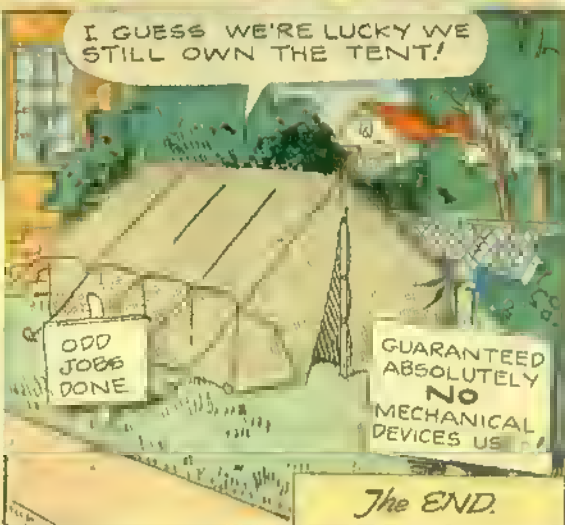
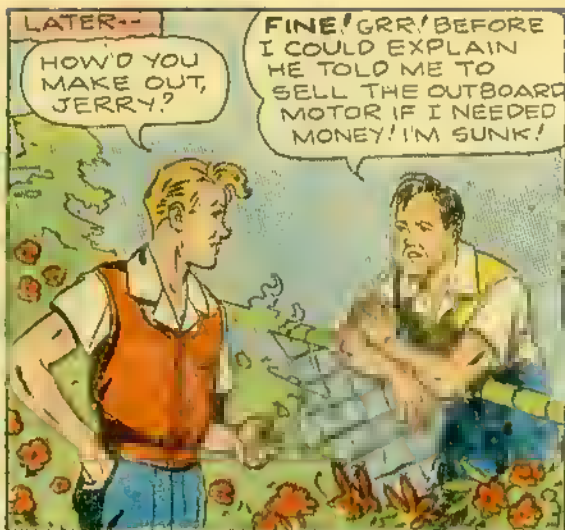
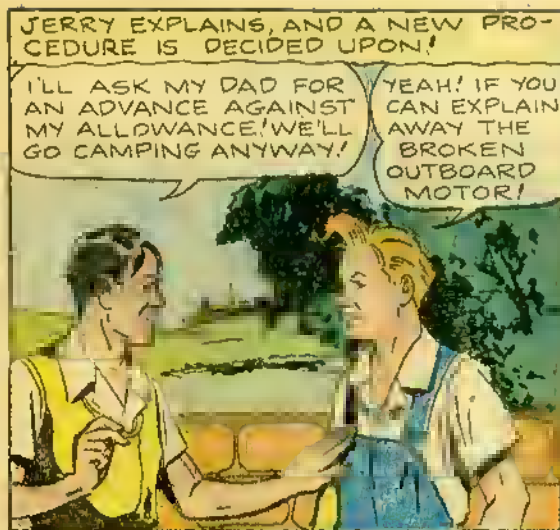
GET! GET OUT BEFORE I
LOSE MY TEMPER!



WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR LAWN MOWER,
JERRY? IT'S ALL WET!



QUESTION No. 10. Does an outboard motor run by internal combustion?



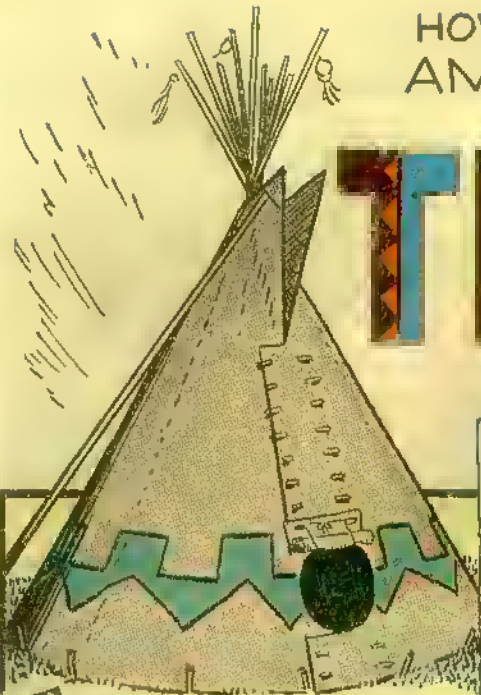
SIMPLE PUP TENT.



HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN INDIAN

TEEPEE

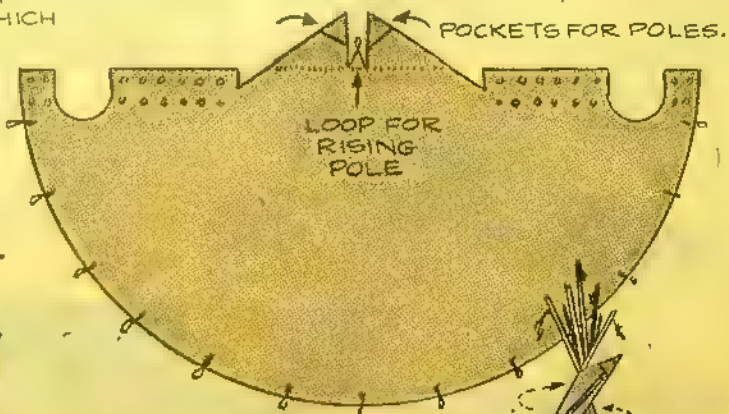
By *Gay*



MAKE YOUR TEEPEE AS LARGE OR SMALL AS YOU WISH--AND OUT OF MATERIALS YOU HAVE AVAILABLE. SEW PIECES OF CLOTH TOGETHER AND MELT WAX INTO THEM WITH A MEDIUM WARM IRON IF YOU HAVE NO WATER PROOF CANVAS, OR--PAINT THE ENTIRE COVERING WITH BRIGHT COLORS TO WATERPROOF IT. USE OLD POLES--FROM DEAD TREES, ETC. DO NOT CUT DOWN LIVE TREES!

THE PATTERN AT THE LOWER RIGHT SHOWS HOW TEEPEE IS AN EXACT HALF CIRCLE--WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE "CHIMNEY HORNS" WHICH ARE SEWED ON TO IT.

THE DOUBLE ROW OF HOLES OVERLAP WHEN THE TEEPEE IS SET UP--THESE ARE LACED TOGETHER WITH THIN STICKS. SEW A SET OF THIRTEEN LOOPS OF ROPE TO EDGE FOR PEGS.



THIS IS HOW TO SET IT UP

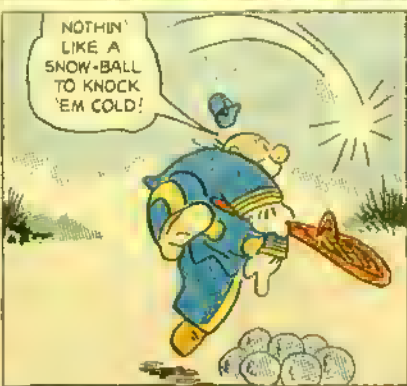
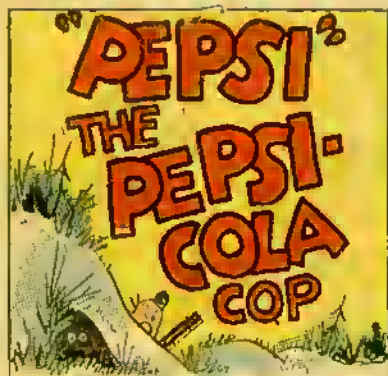
FIRST SET UP A TRIPOD OF POLES, TIED AT TOP, THEN LAY ON ALL OTHERS BUT ONE.



THIS LAST POLE IS THE RISING POLE. FASTEN TEEPEE TO IT, TOP CENTER AND PUT IT IN PLACE DIRECTLY BEHIND SPACE FOR ENTRANCE. LACE UP.

IN CASE OF BAD WEATHER FOLD CHIMNEY IN AND ROLL DOWN ENTRANCE FLAP. LACE TO BOTTOM.

DON'T MISS FRISKY FABLES FOR THE BEST IN COMIC ENTERTAINMENT.



Copyright, 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

THE PRAYER

BY MARY LELAND

"**STRIKE** two", the cry came ringing across the field through the open window where Jim was filling the pitcher with ice water. It was Spring! The time when a young man's fancy turns to—baseball. At least Jim's did. "Gosh", he thought, "if it weren't for this job, I'd be over there now trying out for the freshman team. But I just gotta earn this money."

Jim's family had scrimped and saved to give their only son a college education, and part of the bargain was that Jim was to earn money for his board and room. So he had a job as a bellhop at the local inn. All Fall and Winter he'd worked, missing the football and hockey seasons with a few pangs. But now it was *baseball time* and that was a big thing in Jim's life. He'd been captain of his high school team. You couldn't trip Jim up on any baseball question. He knew just about everything: World Series stars from years back, the highest batting averages, and numerous other facts about his beloved game. "Gee, if only there were some way I could keep my work and try out for that team. Please, God—"

The strident ring of the call bell interrupted Jim's prayer. He started, saw that it was the man who wanted the ice water, and sped upstairs. When he reached room 102, he knocked and entered. "Ice water, sir?"

"Thank you, boy. Here's a quarter." Jim turned to go, but the man stopped him. "Say, I wonder if you could help me. I'm Robert Gardner, new member of the history department at the college. You're a student, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir", beamed Jim. "I'm a freshman. Name's Jim Bronson".

"Well, Jim, I've rented a house in town for myself and a small boy. My wife's dead and my son is with his grandmother now 'cause I haven't anyone to stay with him in the evenings. The maid I've hired won't stay after dinner. Do you know of a student who would want to live at my house and earn his room and board by playing watchdog to Billy?"

"Y'uh mean this guy who lives with you would have his afternoons free?"

"Certainly", said Mr. Gardner.

"Dear God, thank you," muttered Jim under his breath.

"What's that, son?"

"Er, nothing, Mr. Gardner", stammered Jim. "What I'm trying to say is, how about me?"

"Why, Jim, you'd be fine. But I thought perhaps you worked afternoons so your evenings would be free."

"Oh, no, sir!" Jim almost shouted. "I'd love the job."

"Swell. It's all set then. Oh, one more thing, Jim. This son of mine will pester the life out of you with baseball questions. Know anything about the game?"

"Do I!" beamed Jim. "And from now on, I'm going to know a lot more. Thanks to you and another Friend of mine."

— THE END —

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4MOST, published quarterly, at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1, 1945.

State of Pennsylvania }
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Wheeler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the 4MOST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co., Inc. 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler, 12 Colonial Road, Post Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jane Spaulding Nye, 30 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Premium Service Co., Inc. 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

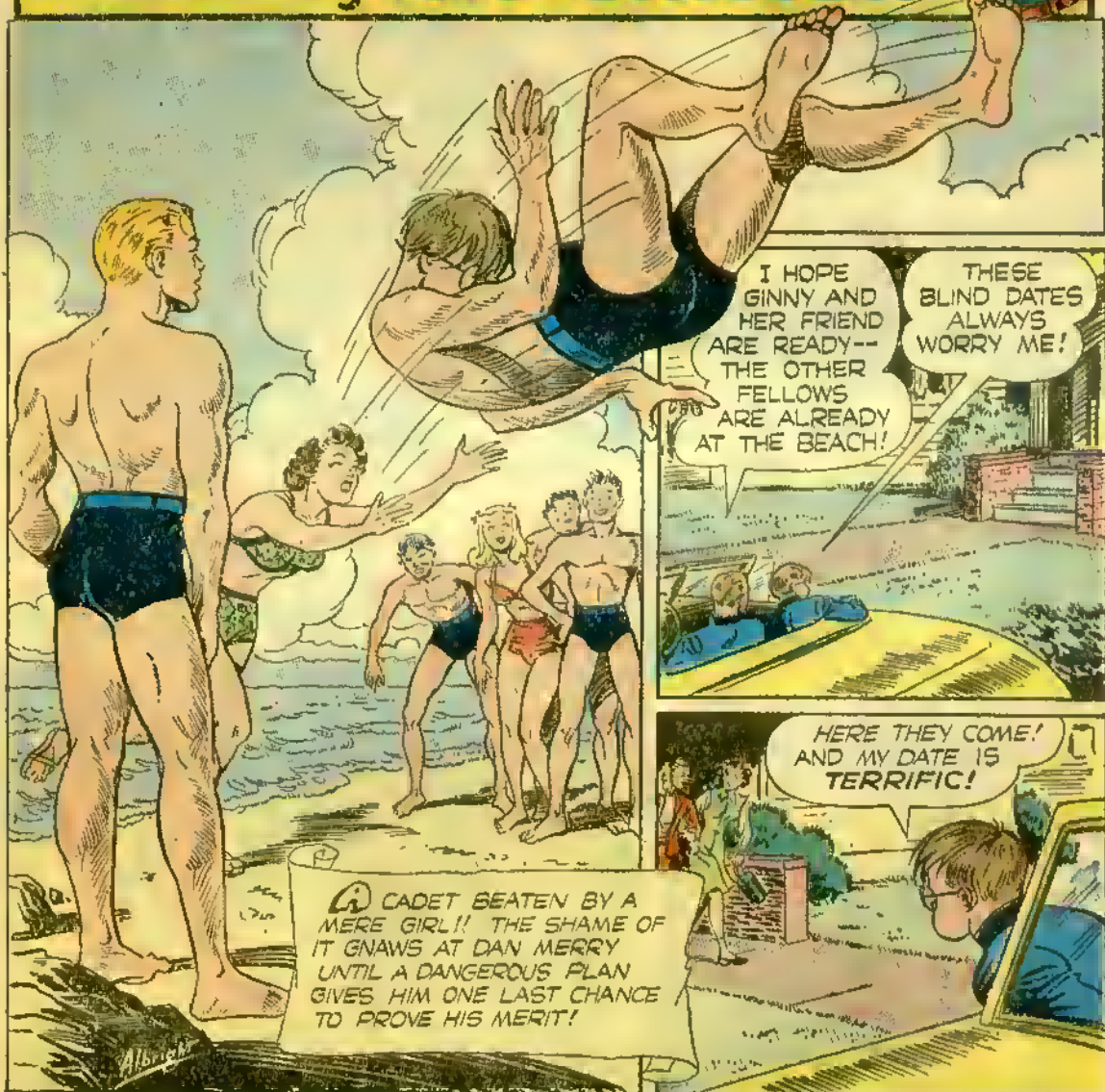
ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of October, 1945.

HENRY A. WIEDMAN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 14, 1947)

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



BUY YOUR COPY OF YOUNG KING COLE. IT'S CHOCK FULL OF
EXCITING DETECTIVE YARNS. ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.

ATTENTION!
THIS IS HILOA
POTTS, MY
GUEST FOR
THE NEXT
MONTH!

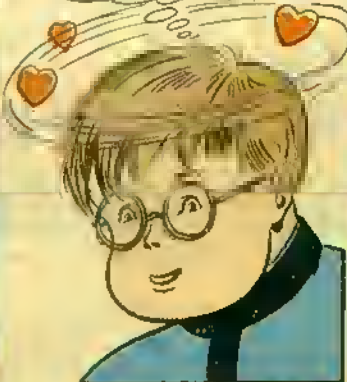
GEE! GOSH!
PLEASED
TO MEET
ME--ER--
YOU!

DAN IS INSTANTLY
SMITTEN WITH HILDA!

WHAT A GAL! I'VE GOTTA
IMPRESS HER SOMEHOW!

I ADMIRE
YOU CADETS--
YOU'RE ALL SO
HUSKY
AND FIT!

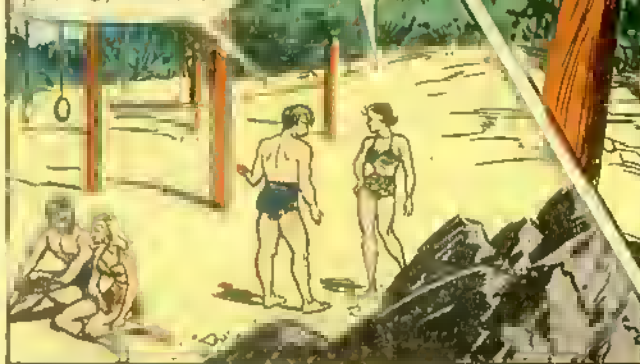
AH! SHE
GOES FOR
MUSCLE
MEN! WAIT
TILL WE GET
TO THE BEACH!



SOON, AT THE BEACH---

CARE TO SEE A
FEW GYMNASTIC
TRICKS, HILDA?

I'D LOVE
TO!



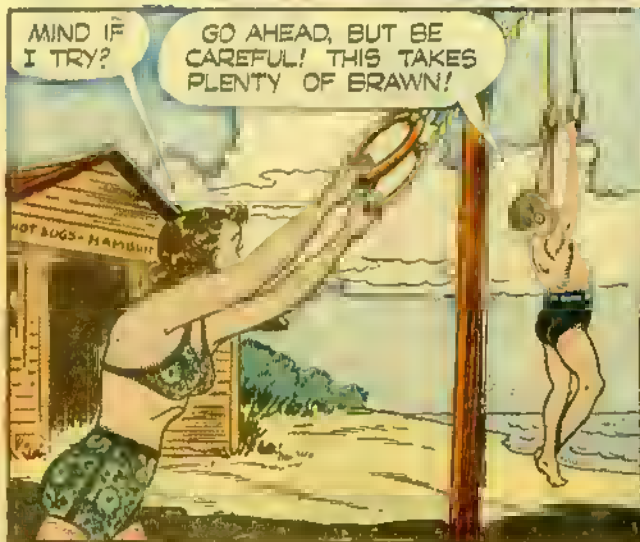
WE CADETS GOTTA BE
PLENTY RUGGED--
LOOKIT THIS
CHINNING!

MY!



MIND IF
I TRY?

GO AHEAD, BUT BE
CAREFUL! THIS TAKES
PLENTY OF BRAWN!



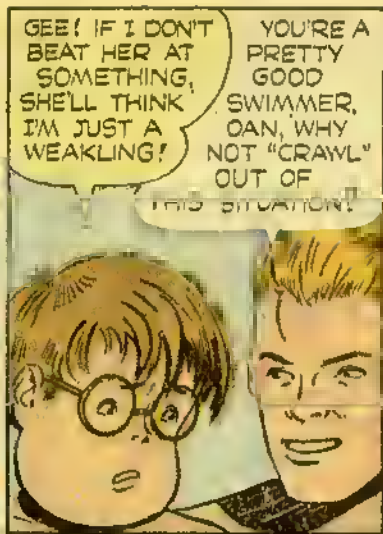
UHP! A GIANT
SWING! THAT
WAS ALWAYS
TOO TOUGH
FOR ME!





THIS IS FUN!

I KNEW SHE WAS TERRIFIC, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED THIS!



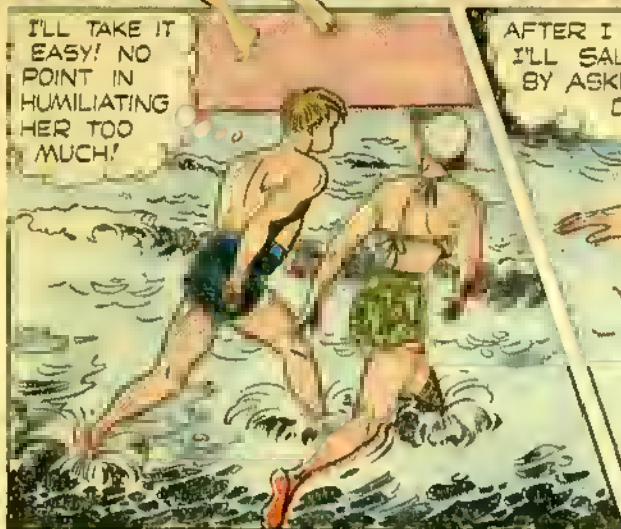
GEE! IF I DON'T BEAT HER AT SOMETHING, SHE'LL THINK I'M JUST A WEAKLING!

YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD SWIMMER, DAN, WHY NOT "CRAWL" OUT OF THIS SITUATION!



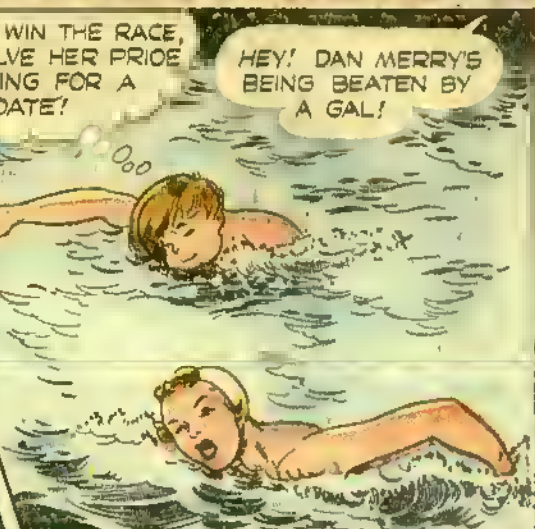
LET'S RACE OUT TO THE FLOAT AND BACK!

SWELL!

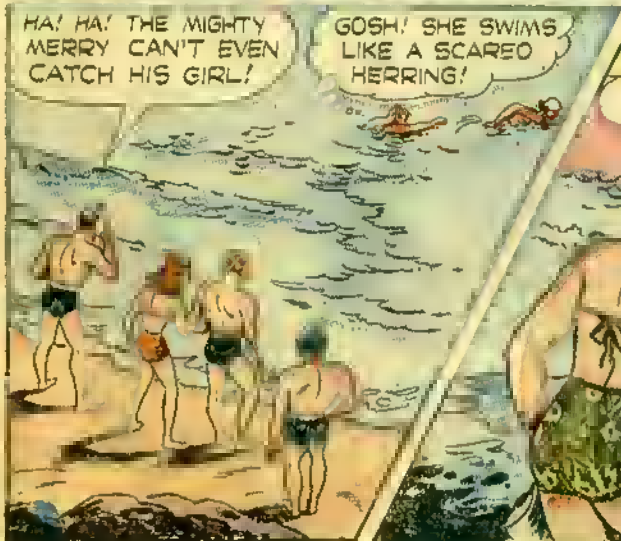


I'LL TAKE IT EASY! NO POINT IN HUMILIATING HER TOO MUCH!

AFTER I WIN THE RACE, I'LL SALVE HER PRIDE BY ASKING FOR A DATE!

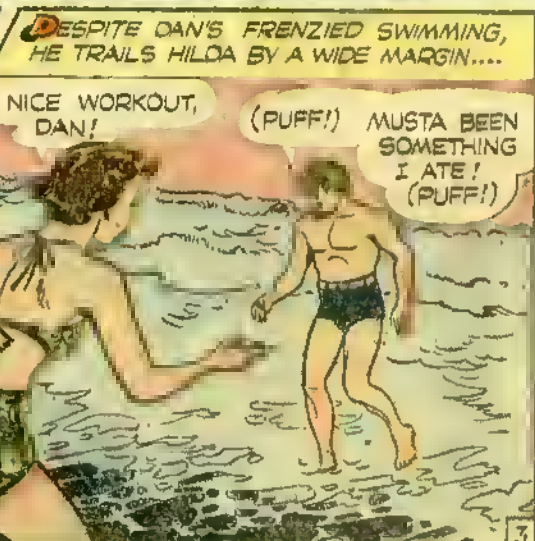


HEY! DAN MERRY'S BEING BEATEN BY A GAL!



HA! HA! THE MIGHTY MERRY CAN'T EVEN CATCH HIS GIRL!

GOSH! SHE SWIMS LIKE A SCARED HERRING!



DESPITE DAN'S FRENZIED SWIMMING, HE TRAILS HILDA BY A WIDE MARGIN....

NICE WORKOUT, DAN!

(PUFF!) MUSTA BEEN SOMETHING I ATE! (PUFF!)

IF I DON'T OUTSHINE HER IN SOMETHING, I'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE WITH HER!



THIS MAY BE TOUGH ON THE POOR GIRL, BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

ER-- CARE TO SEE A FEW JUDO HOLDS, HILDA?



COME AHEAD!

KEEP RELAXED, OR YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



IT WORKS LIKE THIS, DOESN'T IT?

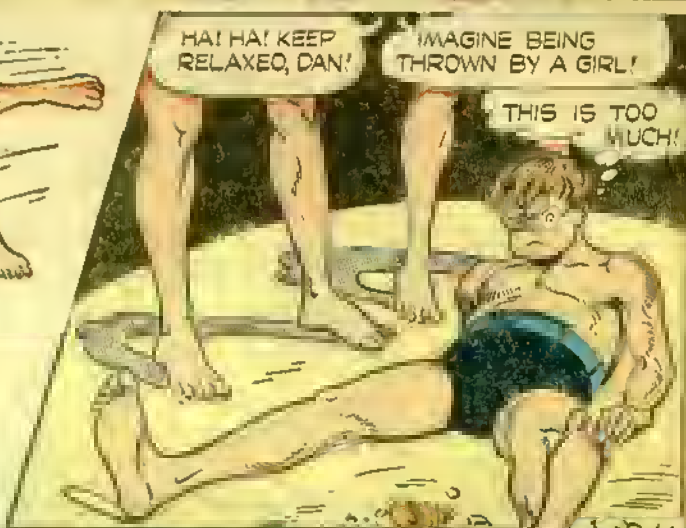
AWWK!



HAI HA! KEEP RELAXED, DAN!

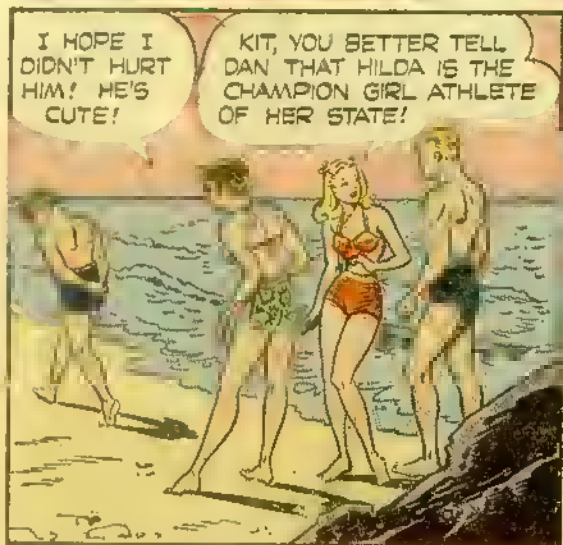
IMAGINE BEING THROWN BY A GIRL!

THIS IS TOO MUCH!



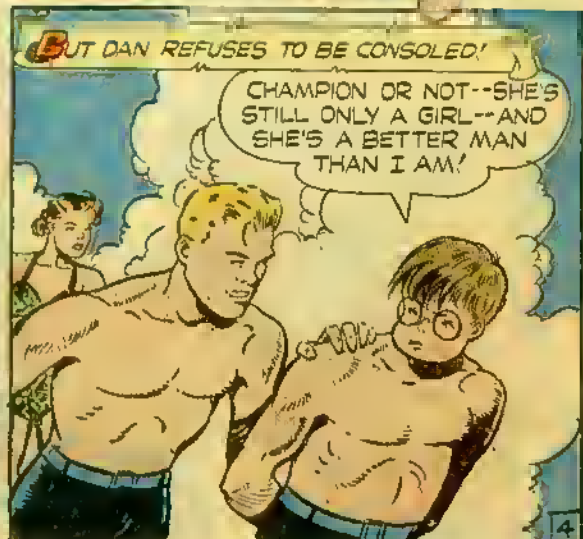
I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT HIM! HE'S CUTE!

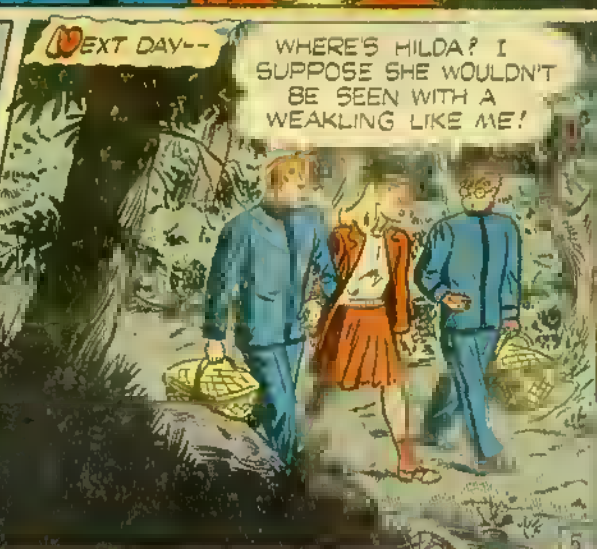
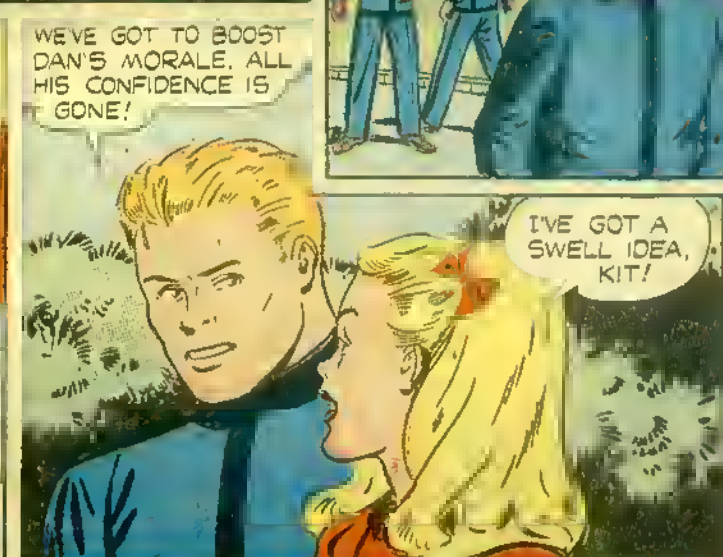
KIT, YOU BETTER TELL DAN THAT HILDA IS THE CHAMPION GIRL ATHLETE OF HER STATE!



BUT DAN REFUSES TO BE CONSOLED!

CHAMPION OR NOT--SHE'S STILL ONLY A GIRL--AND SHE'S A BETTER MAN THAN I AM!

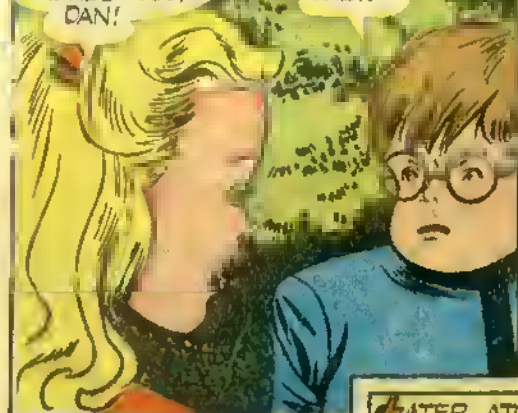




HILDA'S GONE SHOPPING. SHE REALLY LIKES YOU, DAN!

HUH! HOW COULD SHE LIKE A WASHOUT LIKE ME!?

GINNY AND I ARE GOING TO CATCH THE VIEW FROM MILE-HIGH CLIFF. WILL YOU WATCH THE FOOD?



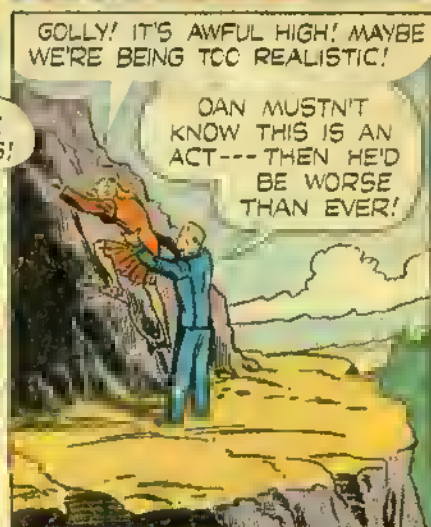
LATER, ATOP MILE-HIGH CLIFF---

WE CAN SLIDE SAFELY TO THAT LEDGE, BUT TO DAN IT'LL LOOK AS IF WE WERE ABOUT TO PLUNGE TO OUR DEATHS!

LET'S GO!

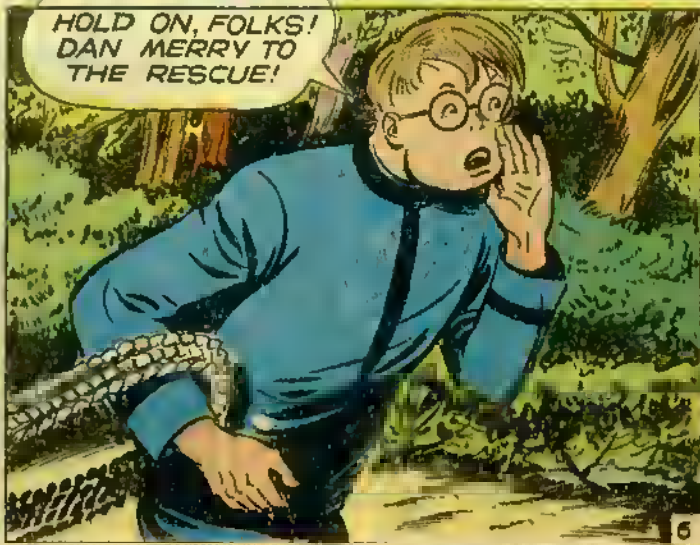
GOLLY! IT'S AWFUL HIGH! MAYBE WE'RE BEING TOO REALISTIC!

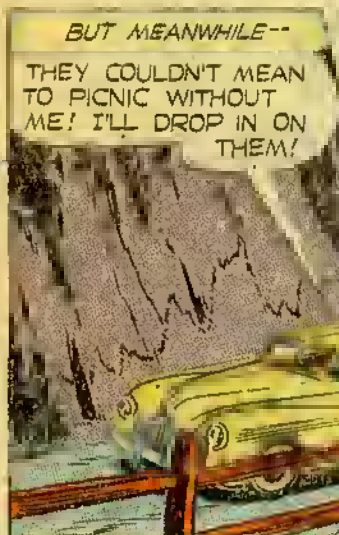
DAN MUSTN'T KNOW THIS IS AN ACT---THEN HE'D BE WORSE THAN EVER!



YEOW! KIT AND GINNY ARE IN A SPOT! THEY'RE SIGNALLING FOR HELP!

HOLD ON, FOLKS! DAN MERRY TO THE RESCUE!





BUT MEANWHILE--

THEY COULDN'T MEAN
TO PICNIC WITHOUT
ME! I'LL DROP IN ON
THEM!



GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE TWO
PEOPLE ARE ABOUT TO
FALL! THEY'LL
BE KILLED!



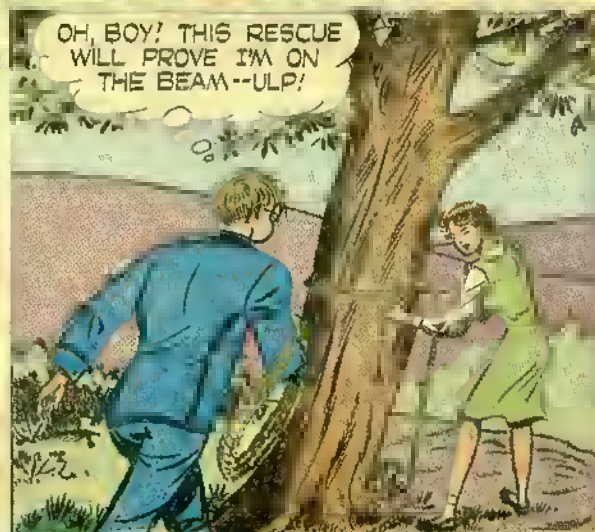
BUT NOT IF
I CAN HELP
IT!



AND SO, KIT AND GINNY ARE SOON
SURPRISED AND DISMAYED...

HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS!
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT
IN A JIFFY!

YIPE! BEING
BEATEN AGAIN
BY HILDA
WILL JUST ABOUT
FINISH DAN!



OH, BOY! THIS RESCUE
WILL PROVE I'M ON
THE BEAM--ULP!



MAYBE I OUGHTA JUMP
OFF THE CLIFF, AND STOP
KIDDING MYSELF!



BUT HILDA HAS HER WEAK SPOT!

EEE-EEE-EEEEKK!!
SNAKES!
RATTLERS! HELP!!

DAZED BY HER HYSTERICAL FEAR, HILDA TUMBLES TO THE LEDGE BELOW!



I CAN'T BEAR THEM! OH!

CALM DOWN, HILDA!

THEY'RE RATTLED!



HURRY, DAN! SHE'S SO SCARED. SHE MAY KNOCK US ALL OFF!



BE CAREFUL OF THE RATTLED, DAN!

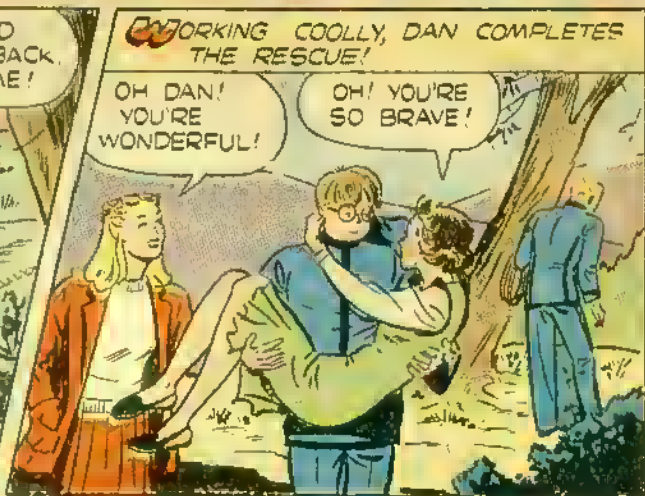
DON'T WORRY! I'D BITE 'EM RIGHT BACK IF I HAD THE TIME!



WORKING COOLLY, DAN COMPLETES THE RESCUE!

OH DAN! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

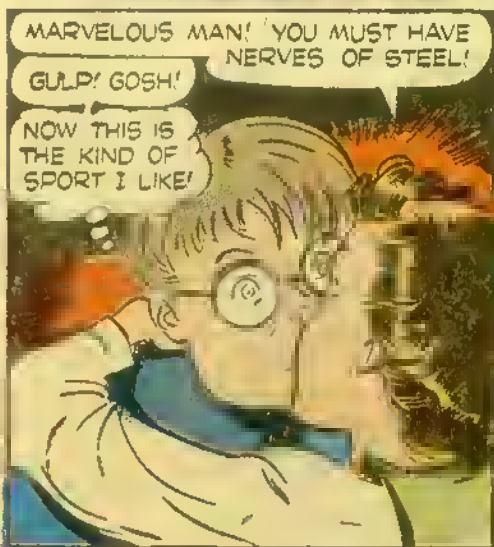
OH! YOU'RE SO BRAVE!



MARVELOUS MAN! YOU MUST HAVE NERVES OF STEEL!

GULP! GOSH!

NOW THIS IS THE KIND OF SPORT I LIKE!



SURE, HILDA! I'LL GLADLY TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE!

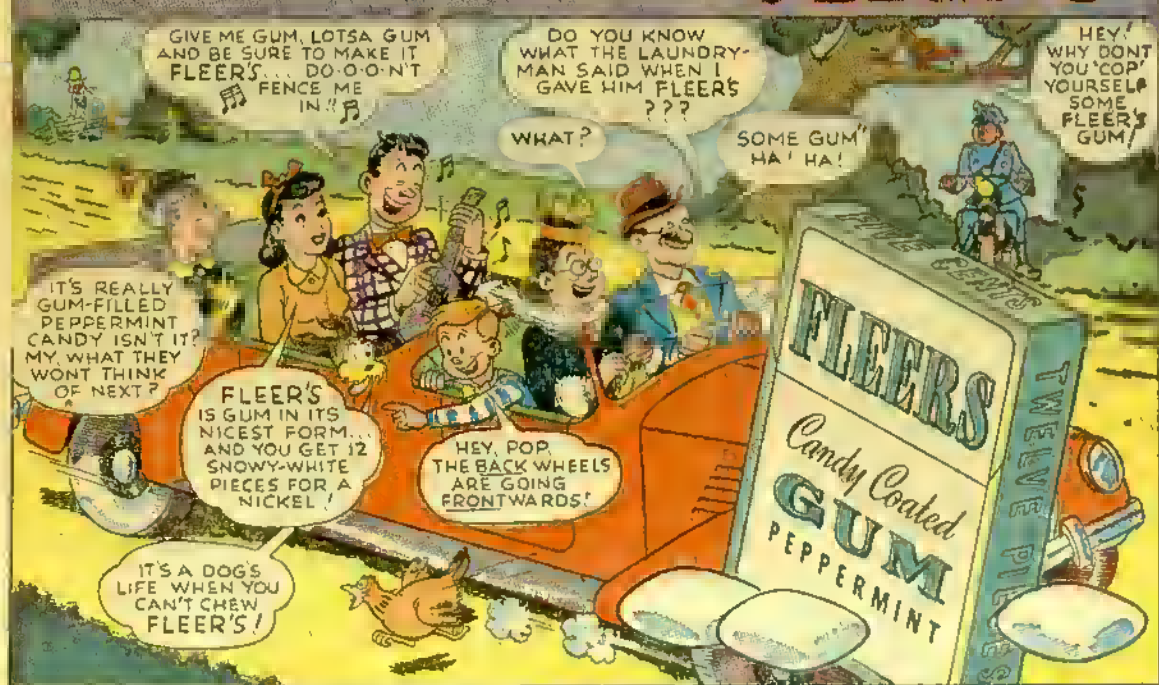
DAN'S HIMSELF ONCE MORE-- BUT I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE THAT THE 'RATTLED' WERE ONLY HARMLESS GARTER SNAKES!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF KIT CARTER, THE CADET, IN 4 MOST COMICS



The End

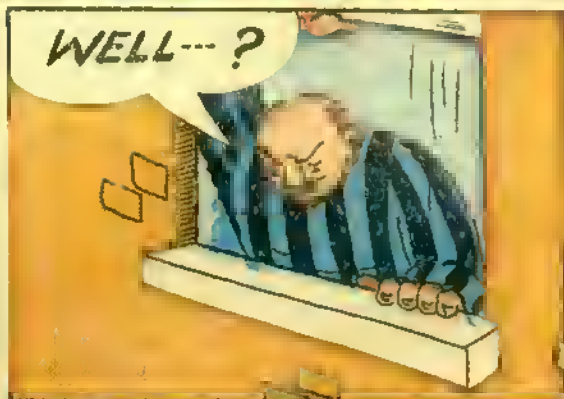
ALL IN FLAVOR... SAY **FLEER'S**



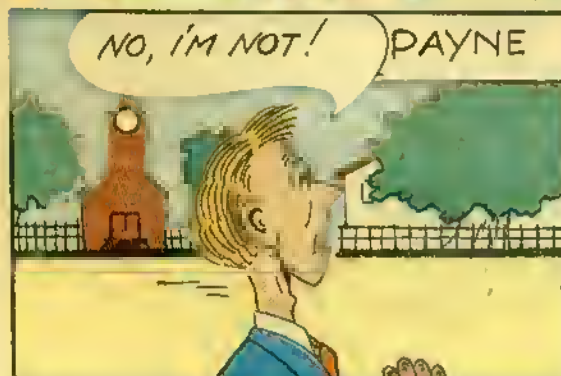
OH, DOCTOR!



WELL... ?



NO, I'M NOT! PAYNE



I'M **SICK!** THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE.



FRISKY FABLES IS THE ANSWER, IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR THE TOP IN COMIC MAGAZINES.

The CALL

BY PAM ROBINSON



THE engine screamed around the curve and slid into the station. Pam ran along the platform looking intently at everyone who scrambled off. Then Rod stood there less than a few feet away. Luckily, Pam saw him first—took in with one swift glance the deep lines on his young face and the grim look about his mouth. One hand was thrust into his pocket, the other had a firm grip on the crutch under his right arm. She started. His leg was—But she recovered herself quickly.

"Rod!" she cried eagerly. "Rod!"

He turned slowly toward the voice, seeking it out. She was by his side, her arms around his neck before he spoke.

"Pam," he said softly, "how's the little sister." He paused. "What! No pigtails?"

"Pigtails! I should say not!" She laughed shakily. "I'm all grown up now. You've been away a long time."

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I've been away a long time."

Pam reached for his bag but he bent quickly and picked it up. "This one's on me," he grinned, then added, "No parents? What's this, their siesta hour?"

"It's my driving, angel," Pam replied lightly. "Their car is on the blink, and they refuse to ride in mine. My driving technique terrifies them. No confidence."

Rod laughed shortly and started through the milling crowd. Several of the townspeople welcomed him, others

glanced quickly away when they noticed his leg.

"Oh, gosh!" thought Pam fiercely. "Why must people be such absolute idiots!" Then she was suddenly afraid. Mom and pop didn't know about Rod, either. He'd never written, never let them know in the slightest way that his right leg was gone. "Oh, jeepers," Pam thought desperately. "Suppose——" But she brushed the thought from her mind. "Gotta think of something. Simply must!"

It was a long ride out to the house and Pam's tiny car was taking it very slowly. After bursting over the top of a particularly steep hill with one huge chug, the car stopped dead.

"Oh, golly," Pam exclaimed. "Nellie's being temperamental again." She scurried out and jerked up the hood. Her head was lost to view for a moment then reappeared with a satisfied grin. She hopped in. "All set," she remarked unnecessarily as the engine jerked into motion. "I'll have to stop at the garage around the bend, though, and get a do-hickie or we'll be in real trouble."

When they reached the garage Pam tore inside, grabbed the phone, and dialed her home number. She waved the attendant aside impatiently when he started to question her. The whole transaction hadn't taken three minutes, and she dashed back to the driving seat in nothing flat.

"Didn't have it," she murmured, "but we'll make home plate just the same." And Nellie did. They swung into the broad driveway and jolted to

a stop before the familiar white door with the shining brass knocker. Rod felt a large size lump rise in his throat when his parents vaulted down the steps and hugged him fiercely before he even had the chance to get out.

"Rod, my darling," his mother cried, "how completely wonderful to have you home!"

"My sentiments exactly," his father said heartily. "Let's hurry inside and have some tea. Must admit," he added slyly, "we expected you a good deal later."

Pam tweaked his nose playfully and patted Nellie firmly on her rattly hood. "You're casting aspersions again," she said warningly, "and I'll have none of it!" By this time she'd slung Rod's suitcase on the steps and opened the door of the car. He took his crutch from the floor and slowly eased himself from the seat. He heard his mother's gasp but when he glanced up she was looking at him with an odd smile on her face.

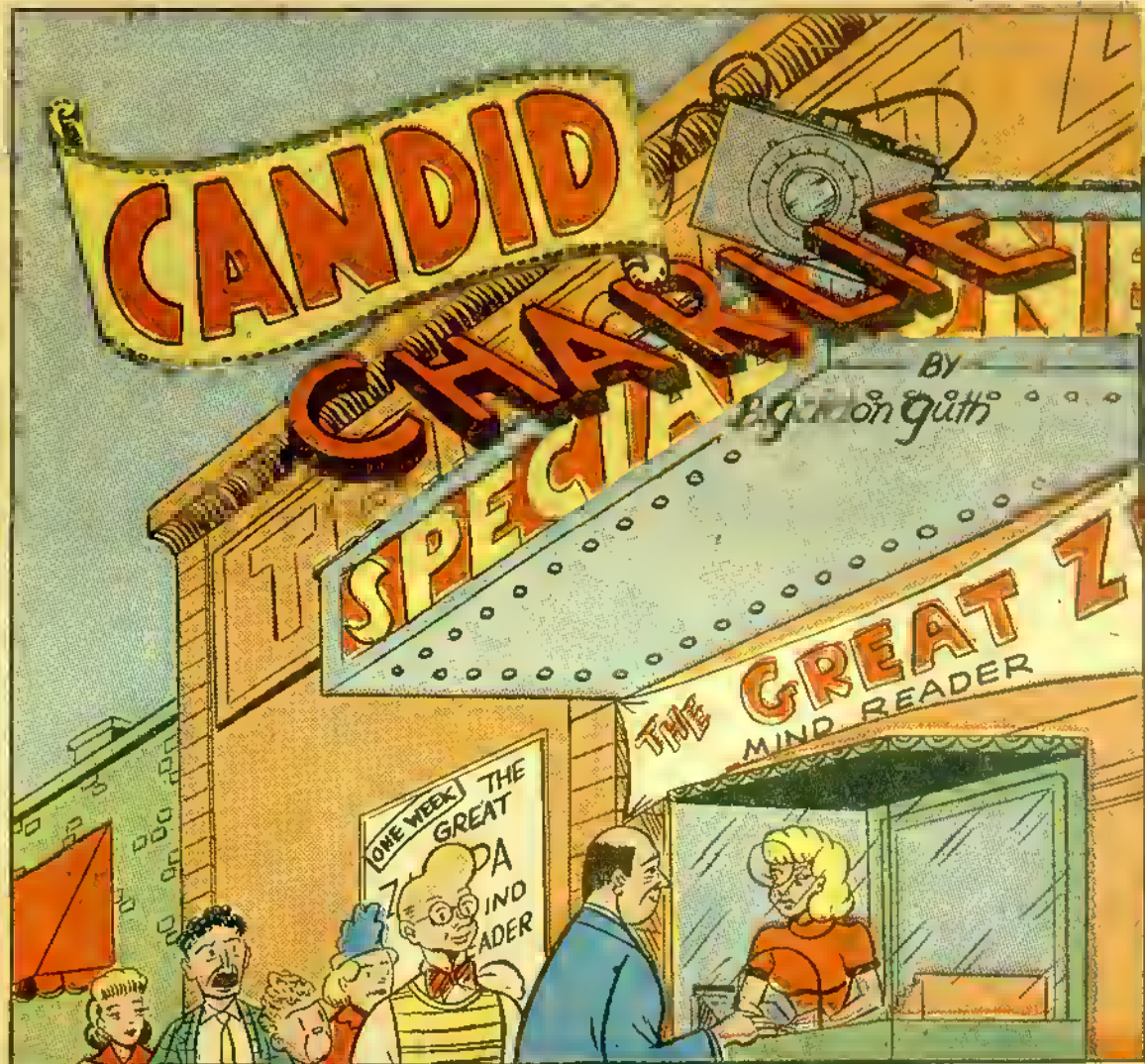
"You didn't write us," she said simply.

"Doesn't matter a bit," his father said with conviction. "Hurry now, or tea will be cold." He turned up the steps and gently guided his wife through the opened door.

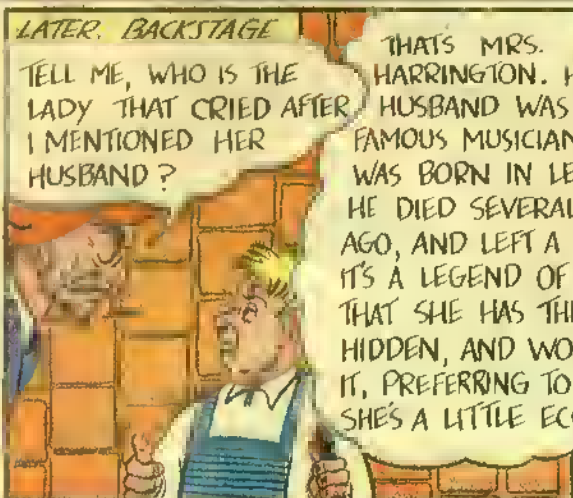
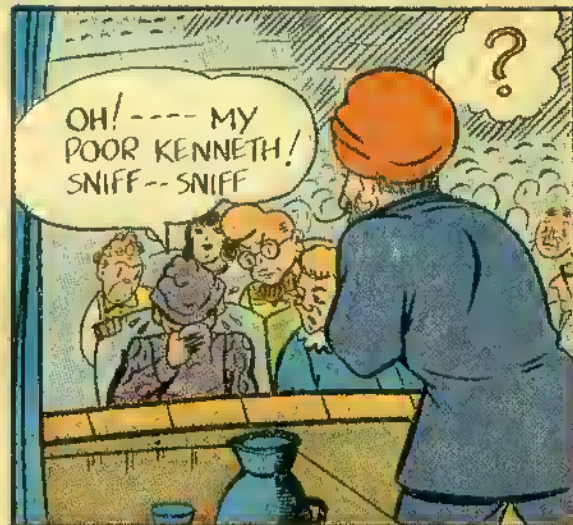
"Oh, golly!" Pam cried. "They're simply wonderful."

Rod paused and looked searchingly at his sister. "You phoned. I saw you."

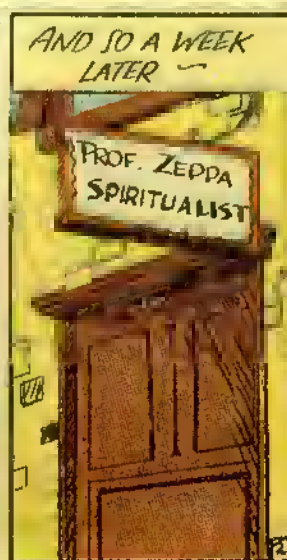
"I phoned all right," she admitted happily as she kissed him impulsively on the cheek. "but it might interest you to know our phone is out of order!"



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.



THAT'S MRS. HARRINGTON. HER HUSBAND WAS A FAMOUS MUSICIAN, WHO WAS BORN IN LENSVILLE. HE DIED SEVERAL YEARS AGO, AND LEFT A FORTUNE. IT'S A LEGEND OF LENSVILLE THAT SHE HAS THE MONEY HIDDEN, AND WON'T TOUCH IT, PREFERRING TO WORK. SHE'S A LITTLE ECCENTRIC.



NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN LENSVILLE,
AND ALL THE WOMEN ARE EXCITED
ABOUT PROFESSOR ZEPPA.

OH, IT WAS SO
THRILLING I ACTUALLY
TALKED TO MY DEAR,
DEPARTED HENRY!

I'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT
WITH HIM FOR
TOMORROW.



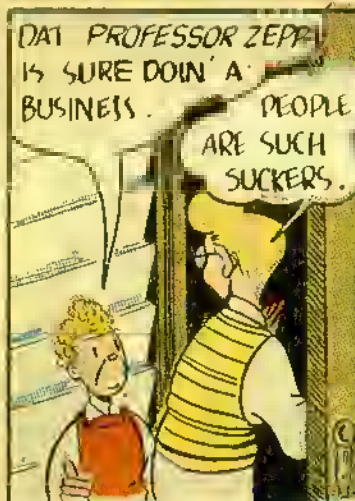
AND ALL THE HUSBANDS ARE, TOO;- BUT
IN A DIFFERENT WAY!!!

I'VE GOT TO BE STUCK WITH THE
DISHES WHILE SHE GOES TO A
SEANCE. I'D LIKE TO CHOKE
THAT GUY ZEPPA!



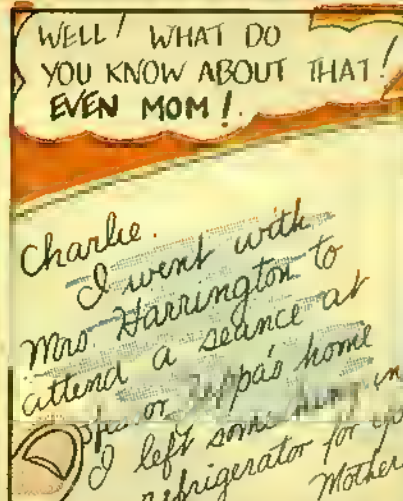
DAY PROFESSOR ZEPPA
IS SURE DOIN' A
BUSINESS.

PEOPLE
ARE SUCH
SUCKERS.



WELL! WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!
EVEN MOM!

Charlie.
I went with
Mrs Harrington to
attend a seance at
Zeppa's home
I left some money in
refrigerator for you
Mother



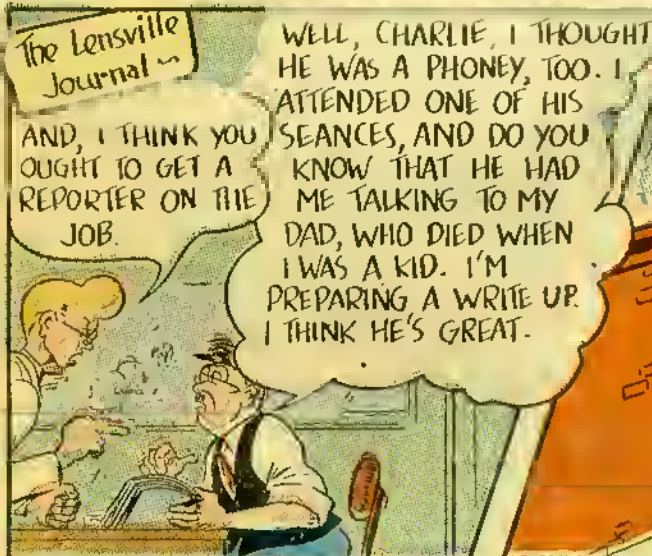
I THINK THAT GUY IS
A PHONEY! I'M GOING
OVER TO THE LENSVILLE
JOURNAL. MAYBE THEY
CAN GET A REPORTER
TO CHECK UP ON HIM,
AND EXPOSE HIS RACKET.



The Lensville
Journal ~

AND, I THINK YOU
OUGHT TO GET A
REPORTER ON THE
JOB.

WELL, CHARLIE, I THOUGHT
HE WAS A PHONEY, TOO. I
ATTENDED ONE OF HIS
SEANCES, AND DO YOU
KNOW THAT HE HAD
ME TALKING TO MY
DAD, WHO DIED WHEN
I WAS A KID. I'M
PREPARING A WRITE UP.
I THINK HE'S GREAT.



I'M DISGUSTED THAT ZEPPA
HAS THIS TOWN ALL HEPPEP
UP. I'M GOING TO PROVE
HE'S A FAKE OR ELSE

-ERELSE.
HUH?



MEANWHILE AT THE HOME
OF PROFESSOR ZEPPA.

SO, YOU WISH TO
COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR
HUSBAND WHO, I UNDERSTAND,
WAS A GREAT MUSICIAN?
WELL, THIS CALLS FOR A
PRIVATE SEANCE. MUSICIANS
ARE VERY SENSITIVE, AND
WILL NOT RESPOND WHEN A
ROOM IS OCCUPIED BY
ANYONE ELSE.

DO-DO-YOU THINK IT
WILL BE ALL RIGHT,
MARTHA?

WHY, CERTAINLY
GO AHEAD. I'LL
WAIT OUTSIDE.

The seance
begins—

AND NOW WE
WILL START—

AND BELOW THE ROOM, IN THE BASEMENT—

O.K., SAM, THAT'S THE SIGNAL. LET'S
START.

THE ROOM DARKENS

IS THAT YOU,
MARTHA? THIS IS
YOUR HUSBAND,
KENNETH.

OH?

I WILL LEAVE THE ROOM. YOU WILL
FEEL MORE COMPOSED, ALONE WITH
YOUR HUSBAND'S SPIRIT.

MY~MY
KENNETH!!

ALONE, MRS HARRINGTON COMMUNES WITH HER HUSBAND'S SPIRIT.

MARTHA, ARE YOU WELL? THE MONEY I LEFT YOU SHOULD COME IN HANDY NOW. USE IT! BE HAPPY!

OH! NO, KENNETH. I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. I HAVE IT HIDDEN IN YOUR VIOLIN CASE IN THE ATTIC. SOMEDAY I WILL DONATE IT TO MUSIC.

IN THE BASEMENT—

I HAVE IT HIDDEN IN YOUR VIOLIN CASE

LISTEN TO THAT! I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA. IT TOOK TIME, BUT WE CAN GRAB THAT DOUGH NOW.

THE GREAT ZEPPE NEVER FAILS, BUT TO AVOID SUSPICION, WE MUST CONTINUE THE SEANCES, AND THEN GRADUALLY STOP. AFTER THAT WE'LL BE AHEAD THE MONEY—

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO CHARLIE'S DARKROOM—

YOU'RE CRAZY, CHARLIE. DEY WONT LET CHA IN. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.

I KNOW THAT, BUT I'M GOING IN A DISGUISE! I'M BORROWING THE CLOTHES FROM THE LENSVILLE HIGH DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Later—

HOW DO I LOOK?

HI, YA, DOD!

AND HERES HOW I GET MY PROOF. I'VE GOT THE CAMERA CONCEALED. WITH INFRA RED FILM I CAN SNAP IT IN THE DARK. IF THERE'S ANYTHING PHONEY AT THE SEANCE, THE CAMERA WILL GET IT.

NOW, DON'T BE NERVOUS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY SON.

SO YOU WOULD
LIKE TO
COMMUNE WITH
THE BEYOND.

YES I WOULD LIKE TO
SPEAK TO MY DEAR
DEPARTED WIFE. THIS IS
MY SON HE'LL WAIT
OUTSIDE FOR ME.

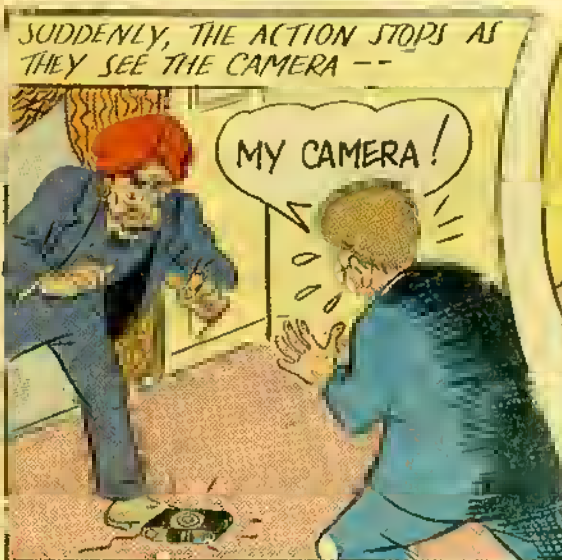
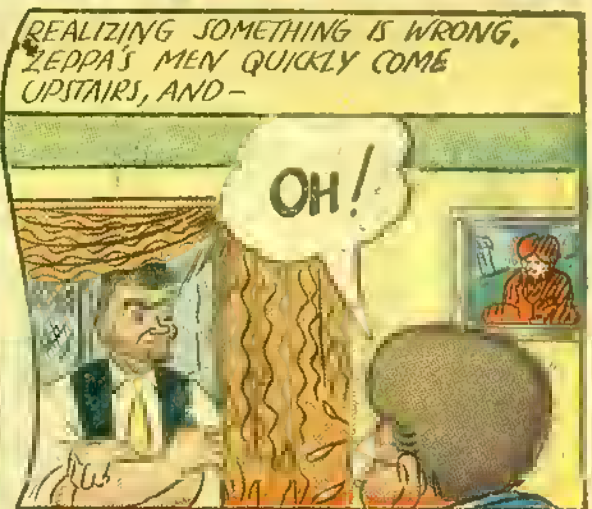
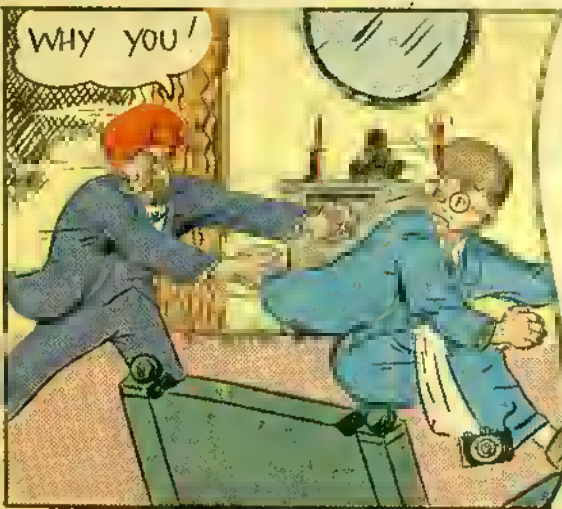
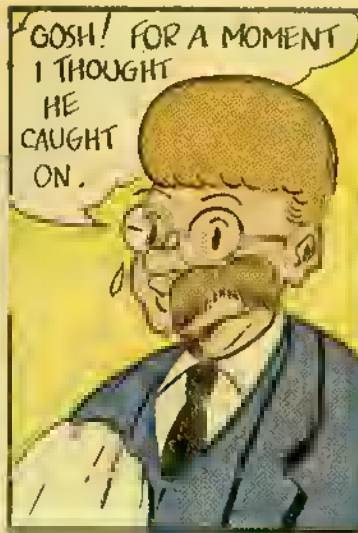
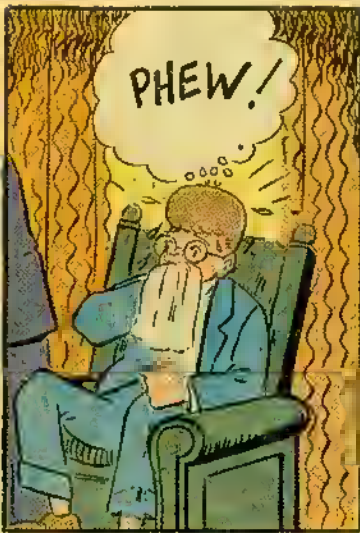
IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT AT THE
PRESENT TIME I HAVE NO OTHERS
TO CONDUCT A SEANCE WITH, BUT
I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE A PRIVATE
ONE. THE FEE WILL BE SLIGHTLY
MORE!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT--- THE ROOM
IS FILLED WITH WEIRD MUSIC.
STRANGE THINGS START TO FLOAT
IN THE AIR, AND CHARLIE STARTS
TO SNAP PICTURES.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR CHARLIE THE
SENSITIVE MICROPHONE IN THE ROOM IS
OPEN, AND ---



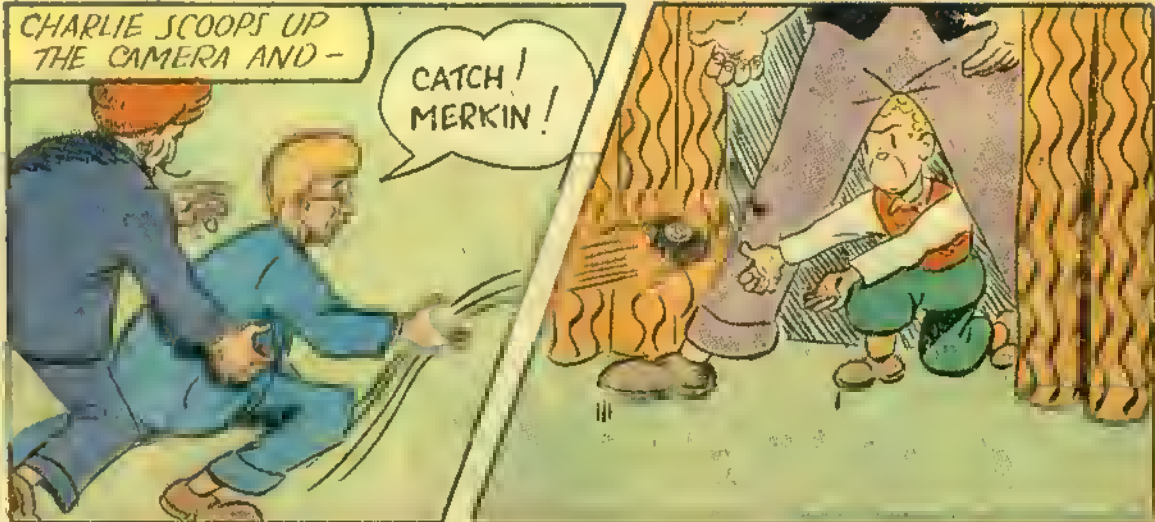
JOIN THE ROMP THROUGH LAUGHTER LAND
WITH THE FRISKY FABLES BAND.



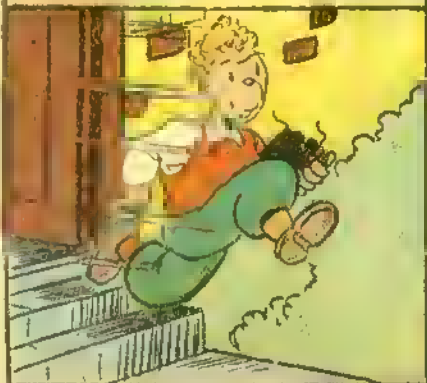
DO YOU LIKE THOROUGHLY EXCITING ADVENTURE?
THEN READ YOUNG KING COLE.

CHARLIE SCOOPS UP
THE CAMERA AND -

CATCH!
MERKIN!



BEFORE THEY REALIZE
WHAT HAPPENS, MERKIN
RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE -



AS THEY RUN OUT
OF THE ROOM
AFTER MERKIN -

NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO GET OUT OF
HERE!

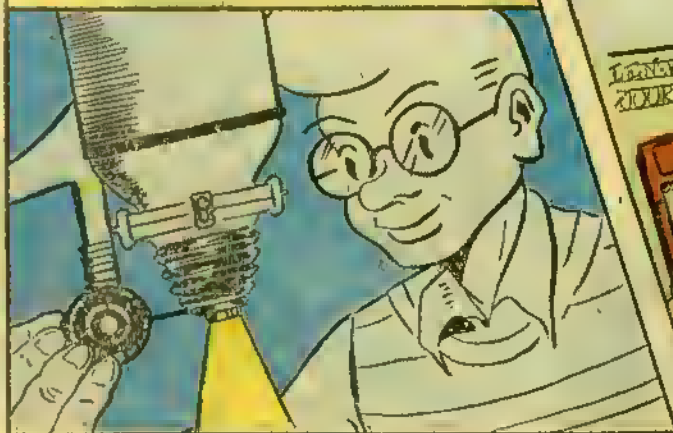


HE'S DISAPPEARED
INTO THE
DARKNESS.

THE LITTLE
RUNT!

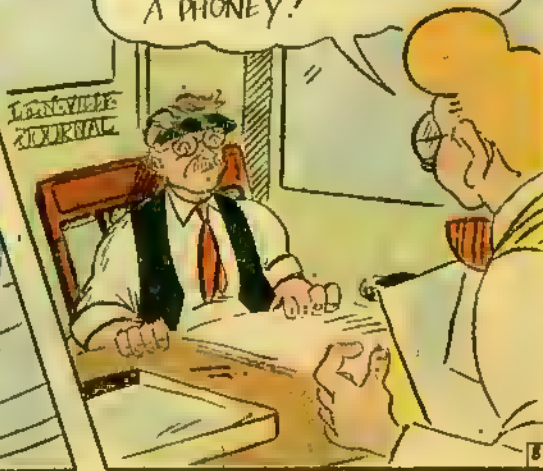


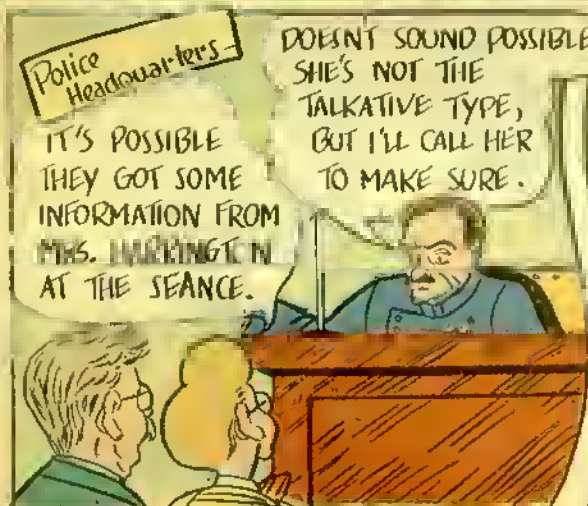
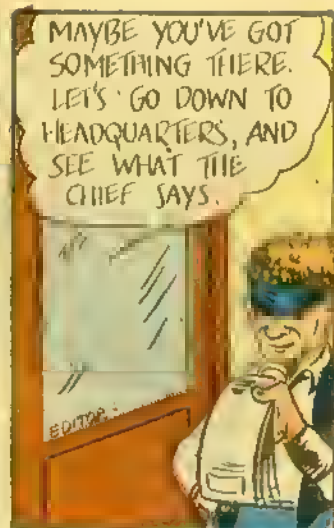
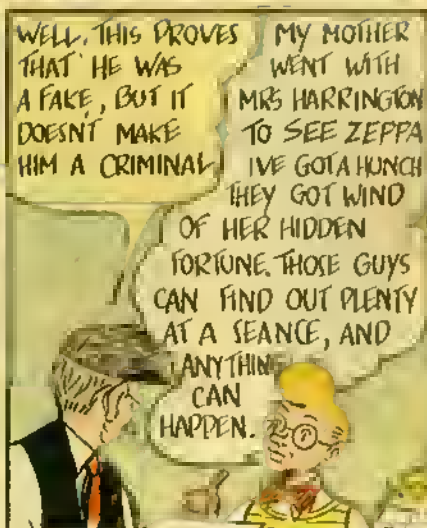
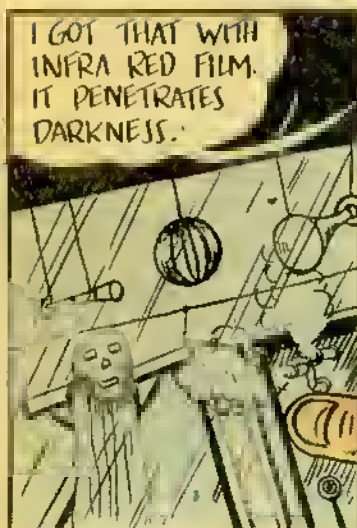
CHARLIE QUICKLY GETS TO
WORK DEVELOPING AND
ENLARGING THE PICTURES -

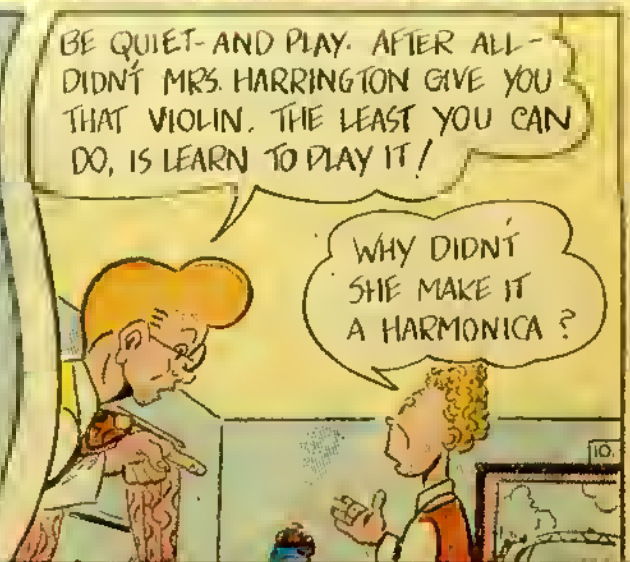
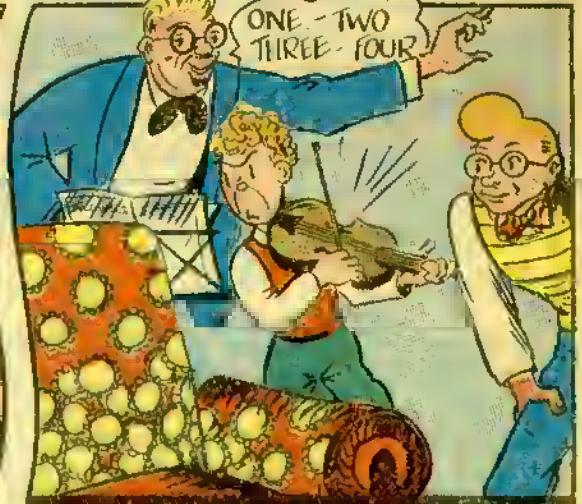
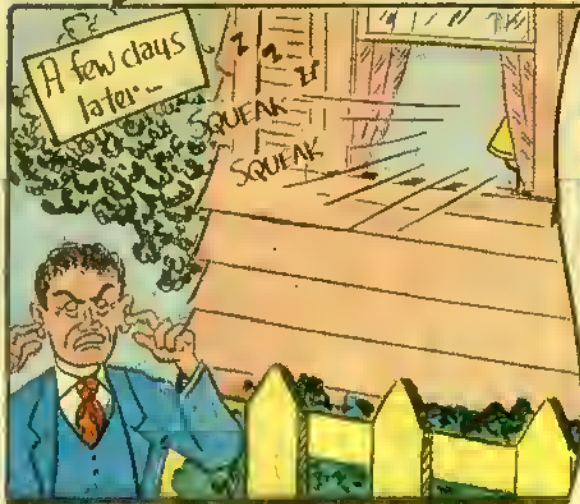
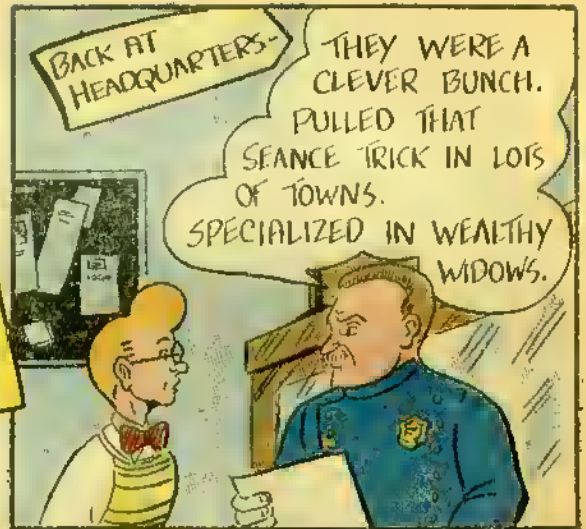


Next day -

MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE
YOU THAT THE PROFESSOR IS
A PHONEY!







THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

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AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR SMITH BROTHERS, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.

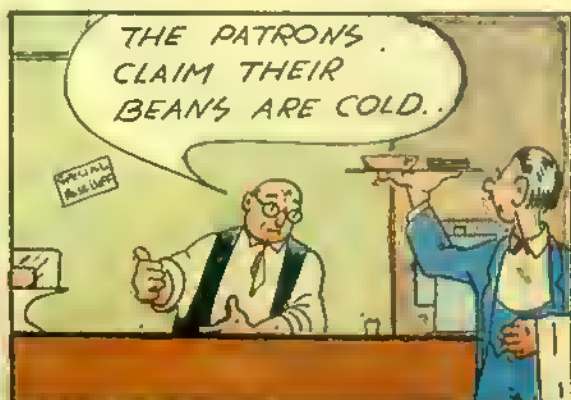
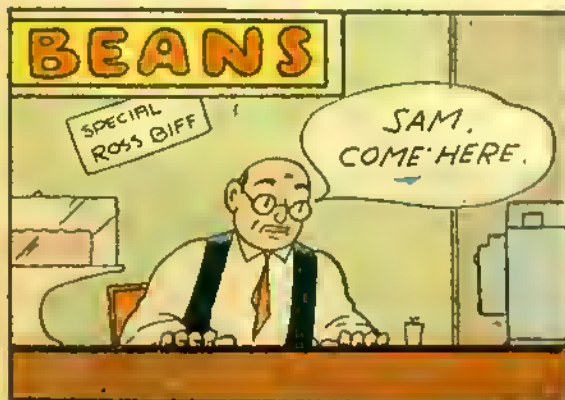


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SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



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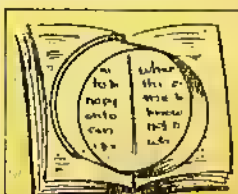
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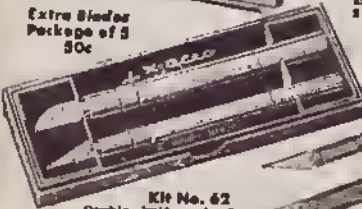


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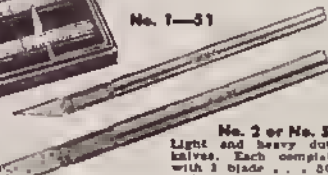
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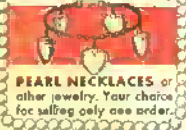
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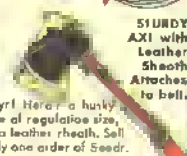


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Most prizes shown above and dozens of others
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for selling only one 40-pack order of American
Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large
pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra
money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh
and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and
get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-
third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET
BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book
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OUR 28th YEAR

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU

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my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

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City _____

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4 MOST

VS:2

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COVER NINA ALBRIGHT*

DICK COLE Jim Wilcox* 14

EDISON BELL HAROLD DE LAY 8

E.B. How To RAY GILL* 1

(MARY LELAND) TEXT 1

CADET ALBRIGHT* 8

MISC CARTOONS B.G. GUTH* 1

(PAM ROBINSON) TEXT 2

CANDID CHARLIE B.G. GUTH* 10